

THE EXORCIST



75¢

No. 22

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Behind the Scenes of "THE EXORCIST" and Exclusive Interview with Director BILL FRIEDKIN. Plus: Critical Analyses.

CASTLE of FRANKENSTEIN

LINDA BLAIR
As The Devil-Possessed
Child in
THE EXORCIST



DEMON

Back Cover
Mini-Poster



INTERVIEW
WITH
PETER
CUSHING







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THE EDITOR'S NOTEBOOK

Just a short time ago, one of the most promising young filmmakers had lunch with a potential backer. "So what's this great film idea all about?" asked the financier.

The young filmmaker answered: "First off, the title alone is worth a fortune: GOD-FATHERS MEET THE EXORCIST!"

The backer grinned with restraint. "Nice, but how's the story?"

The young man explained enthusiastically: "The time is the present. The Mafia has gone straight, into normal businesses; and the new Godfathers consist of fuel and oil syndicates, and a few other major operators, fronted by their personable stooges: the President and other politicians, etc., all pretending they're don't-rock-the-boat conservatives. But, suddenly, they all suffer a temporary reversal; flushed with power and fantastic wealth—after bleeding nearly everything and everyone bone dry—they've been momentarily caught with their guard down and exposed. Just as public reaction is swinging very unfavorably against them, the Godfathers go into action: they set up fake 'radical' movements composed of trained agents pretending to represent various movements and minorities—gay, women's, black, white, Hispanic and so on. When the agent-provocateurs succeed in making 'change' and radicalism appear odious and frightful, they've also de-fused public antagonism against them. Especially after the so-called Symbolize Liquidation Army seems to 'kidnap' Little Orphan Annie from Daddy Warbucks. And even if the public attempted anything, it's too late: the provocateurs have succeeded, and the President places the whole country under total Martial Law."

"The story sounds good so far, but that last part seems blurred. How does Martial Law come about?"

"There's this long-hot-summer, see; so the goons start ripping off the ghettoes, stirring up the bloodiest riots yet, see? So, now the President knows that not only can't they impeach him, but his fond ambition of absolute dictatorship becomes a reality!"

"Yes, but where does The Exorcist come in?"

"Max Von Sydow and Charlton Heston arrive, each carrying huge crosses, a Bible and holy water; they surprise a secret meeting of the Godfathers, with the President present. They reveal the crosses, sprinkle holy water all over, read the Bible, and all the evil doers are exorcised. Then, dark, horrible shapes and demons are released from their bodies, like the things that flew out when Pandora opened the box."

"During this exorcism finale, have you planned on including much obscenity, vomiting and other grossness?"

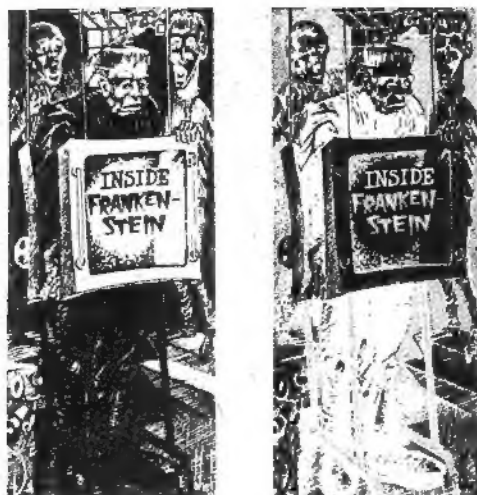
"No, not really, but sounds like a great idea, especially if you'll back me."

"Then count me in. How many million bucks did you say you wanted?"

CoFog-horn Blowing:

What seemed but a passing remark in our last issue—anent some lavish praise of CoF in AFI Report (the American Film Institute's official organ)—has elicited the interest and curiosity of many readers. Not wishing to appear immodest, herewith is the substance of what was published in AFI Report about CoF (the first several paragraphs of the article establish the sad fact that proper research

Continued next page.



and study of films, especially the B picture and "grade Z" movies, is sadly lacking, or ignored, if not scoffed at, even by such "authorities" as Andrew Sarris; that even publications and books [the article mentions several of the best known] purportedly concerned with such research are very inadequate):

"The closest conveyance of fact and chronology afforded by a film periodical to date has been by (the) short-lived. . . Screen Thrills Illustrated, a cousin to Forrest J Ackerman's perennial Famous Monsters of Filmland, a children's magazine. . . (Its) only real competitor, the esoteric. . . CASTLE OF FRANKENSTEIN, assumes the mantle of Screen Thrills and goes one step further by lending an eclecticism and sense of plain talk unmatched by any other film magazine published."

(The above appeared in AFI Report, page 19, July, 1973.)

And as one more entry for the CoFog-horn: in the highly acclaimed and prestigious Spectrum Book film history series (\$2.45, Prentice-Hall), "Focus On The Horror Film" recommends only five magazines; three of them European (one now defunct), an American semi-promag (mostly available via subscription) and "Castle of Frankenstein: Hard to come by, but generally of a high quality."

Significantly, not one American promag that's ever devoted itself to the SFantasy genre is even listed.

Sorry that we have to shift several announced articles again. However, the timeliness and importance of this issue's section on THE EXORCIST necessitated this move. . . or else there would've been the Devil to pay!

But we do have director William Friedkin's exclusive interview with CoF in this issue—an unusual feat of journalism considering that practically every leading magazine was denied

So—apologies to all, especially Abbie Herick (who authored the excellent NOT OF THIS EARTH piece), who'll wait it out another 50 to 60 days for our ROGER CORMAN coverage and interview. But it'll be more than worth it; and. . . we guarantee it'll be a Gas. Above all, it's about the man who made American International emerge from poverty-row Z-budget filmmaking to international prominence. In this incisive interview, Corman not only provides important background info about his old AIP/SFantasy film days but tells very candidly his own personal methods and explains his approach to filmmaking. Especially valuable is the way he "tells all" about his young and successful company, New World. Plus: Lots of behind-the-scenes info

and pics on FANTASTIC PLANET, distributed by the Corman organization.

No, we're not dropping Comic Book reviews, in case you're wondering why the Comic Book Council seems absent this issue. But since I was doing all of it, it began to be a problem due to the time it'll now involve putting out (hopefully) 6 or 7 CoF's a year. Also, being presently very disenchanted with the way comics look doesn't help me in controlling my cool. Certainly it's through no fault of Stan Lee's or Roy Thomas's that the Marvels cost 25¢, have horrible layouts (they look like ad catalogs) and include few titles worth even the "old" 20¢ price. They say that the DC management's meanwhile smacking their lips because Marvel's 25¢, while DC imagines it has a terrific advantage by keeping to 20¢—well, so far as quality goes, 5¢ more or less won't stop anyone from buying a good mag! The sad fact is, regardless of what company is named, they're all turning out stinkers, are ripping off readers with awful reprints and only have a few decent titles of the dozens published. Worse yet is that hardly any pains are taken by any of them (except perhaps by Charlton, which also has the stigma of paying the lowest rates this side of Timbuctu) to find and train more talent. Clearly, management is largely to blame, especially DC who have made lots of promises and noise for over two years but have very little to show. Particularly aggravating is that DC's "promise" to hunt for new talent was totally misleading, if not incompetently handled—reports given to us by aspiring writers and artists seem to bear this out:

When DC announced it would keep a special "talent hunt" room open at NYC's ComicCon last July, apparently it served no purpose. Several artists have said they either got "the bum's rush," a royal runaround or else knew less than ever. But the main gripe seems to be that nearly everyone got a hefty cold-shoulder deal. Encouragement? Even a hint of warmth or pretense of fellowship? If even half the tales we've heard about the "DC Room" are true and indicative of what's happen-

ing, little wonder the whole industry seems on the brink of disaster.

What we do know about many talented young people, who'd like to break into the market, is that money is hardly of consequence but recognition is what they want. God's sake, some of these youngsters would work for beans! So, what in hell is the excuse for those abominable reprints flooding the field?

Yes, there are a hell of a lot of very talented Americans around—companies need not have to look far. Obviously, it's quite unnecessary for any of them to delude themselves that there's big "savings" by hiring foreign artists from the Philippines, Hong Kong or elsewhere; while most of them are excellent illustrators, they tend to overlap in styles and, eventually, bore by looking alike. Comics require more people like Kaluta, Wrightson, Adams, Starlin, Jeff Jones, Brunner and the several others who kept the entire industry from total collapse. As I said, most of the overseas artists range from fine to great—especially if you like fashion designing and certain forms of book illustration. The majority, though, aren't good for comic books.

This was supposed to be an issue of CoF sans anything about comics, right? Anyhow, Comics Reviews will remain. Right now we're looking over a couple of people who'd like to do them. Anyone else who feels he'd like to answer the call, please get in touch.

Which is as good a point to mention that. . .

THE TALENT HUNT never ended and is still going on in CoF. Anyone with a yen for research, interviewing "names" and with other ideas, please feel free to write directly to me.

Before wrapping this column and getting into another round of Letters—I wish to thank all of you for continuing to show such interest in CoF. Especially those of you who send in reports on areas that sold CoF poorly in the past (but now doing better, etc.), raising Hell with negligent dealers, or showing proper missionary zeal by converting others into CoFol-lowers.

— Calvin T. Beck



Space is so tight this issue, we forgot our usual Letters address heading, which is: Letters, c/o GOTHIC CASTLE, 509 5th Ave., New York, NY 10017

Dear CTB:

February 21st was a momentous day for Tampa's SFantasy fanciers: your magazine finally appeared on our local news-stand. Before this time, one had to buy it in Miami. [Well, you know how it is with suburban deliveries these days. . .—ctb.]

THE PASHA OF TAMPA BEY

Dear CTB:

February 21st was a momentous day for Tampa's SFantasy fanciers: your magazine finally appeared on our local news-stand. Before this time, one had to buy it in Miami. [Didn't I tell you all distribution is "slowly" improving? At one time you had to go all the way South to Key West to get CoF!—ctb.] My dealer told me it was sold out in a matter of hours, which I hope proves something to unbelievers of your fine publication.

Tampa itself is doing well in the filma-

king business, with two horror films completed here within the last 12 months. One, SCREAM BLOODY MURDER, is only fair and will probably not get much exposure. It deals with a young recluse who sleeps with a department store dummy and becomes homicidal when his sister picks up a lover.

The other picture, IMPULSE!, features William Shatner and Ruth Roman and was directed by Florida's own Bill Grefe (STANLEY). Shatner is very convincing as a psycho who tries to fleece rich women but turns killer when his plans sour. The film will have a national release.

I am enclosing a dollar for a back issue. Please keep up the good work. Tampa is now in your corner.

RAY NUNEZ, P.O. Box 391, Tampa, Fla 33601.

STOVER THE RAINBOW

Dear CTB:

Referring to CoF no. 20—I think you guys and gals down at Gothic really outdid yourselves. I enjoyed the conclusion of the Harryhausen interview, and I love your "TV Movie-

guide." But this letter is mostly concerned with the part about the musical-comedy satire of STAR TREK, on page 38. I was wondering if I could get a copy of the script used for this production. I am willing to pay for it if I have to. When I read the article and saw the photo you ran on it, I hungered for more! Thanks, Cal. You've made a STAR TREK fan very, very happy!

MIKE RUSSO, 2629 Ocean Ave., Brooklyn, N.Y. 11229.

—Further info on the STAR TREK play will be gladly supplied by George Stover, P.O. Box 10005, Baltimore, Md. 21204. And, glad to hear of your love for ST, Mike. Remember: Keep on Trekking!—CTB.

BUCKULA MEETS The NORMAN

Dear Cal:

I have this great idea to share with you. You know that in order to make a better DRACULA film, you have to change the actor? [Especially while playing the good Count's life, age one, in a crib!—ctb.] Chris Lee is great, but he looks too much like Humphrey Bogart. Any moment I expect to hear Dooley to start singing "As Time Goes By." This state of schizophrenia doesn't make for credibility. With Lugosi, it's even worse. He looks like Howard Cosell! It's bad enough to sit thru a Dracula picture waiting for Ingrid Bergman. But for Dandy Don?! Really, it's a little too much.

Yes, we need a new actor. And I already have made my choice: William F. Buckley. If you have ever seen him on tv, you'll know he is the man for the job. All those dreamy looks and the flashing smiles, the tongue always licking his lips, his pencil tapping his teeth, and the other trademarks he so widely uses in front of the camera. [Not to mention behind the camera.—ctb.] An added advantage would be that we could announce as a sequel "Dracula Meets Myra Breckinridge," which will include the famous fight scene he had with Gore Vidal in 1968.

If anyone's interested, I'll tell further about my plans for a remake of THE WOLF MAN starring Norman Mailer.

ADRIANA I. PENA, 26 South 3rd St., Lewisburg, Pa., 17837.

—You sound like a perfect candidate to help me out in a production. I'd like to film called WHITE HOUSE LOUSE. It stars the 3 Stooges as three state governors, invited by the President for a secret weekend summit sex orgy conference. Each time Nixon says, "... Perfectly clear," the Stooges' pet duck flies and lands a crap on his head, finally putting him into a hopeless coma. Moe takes his place, runs the country better, and no one can tell the difference—as usual. Curly, by the way, plays a double-role and also appears as Henry Kissinger. Of course, Peter Ustinov stars as the notorious billionaire oil sheik, Pilaf Araabfat; he discovers the world's biggest oil deposit underneath Central Park, turns the Empire State Bldg into a minaret, and declares Manhattan a new sheikdom. Pilaf, though, is driven away by a mysterious alien in a flying saucer, who is played by Charlton Heston, who then divides the waters of New York Bay and leads the Brooklynites to a promised land in New Jersey. I'd like Cecil B. DeMille to direct; but unfortunately he's dead right now.—CTB.

SHORT AND TWEET

Dear Cal:

Recently I saw a very suspenseful film titled THE SINGLE GIRLS. What impressed me most about the film was a beautiful, talented actress named Cheri Howell, who played Shannon. I'd be extremely grateful if someone could give me the address of this great performer.

ROBERT LEWIS, Rt. 1, Hebron, Ohio 43025.

Dear CTB:

I'm wondering if you are ever going to write an article on the King of the martial arts, super star Bruce Lee. Many people would be pleased to see an article on the Chinese Super Man. If you do I'll buy two copies at a time of CoF any day.

DARREN MASTERSON, 84 Cherry St., Aylmer, Ont., Canada.

Dear Cal:

CoF no. 21 was wonderful, and I have some info regarding a few things in there. On page 51 "Doctor Death" was announced, but is now being nationally released and known as MADHOUSE. And regarding the letter on page 55 about GRAVE OF THE VAMPIRE: it was shown at the Island Theatre in Chincoteague, Virginia, along with GARDEN OF THE DEAD. **STEVEN CULVER, RD 2, Box 51, Laurel, Del. 19956.**

—We've considered a companion mag to CoF for some time, one that would feature certain articles similar but not quite exactly like CoF's. And a big one, featuring Bruce Lee and stuff on martial arts actioners is now being planned, hopefully for our Magazine Unnameable, which may be out later this year. Further info on when and if this venture happens will be announced in CoF, of course, way in advance.—CTB.

CHAN AN' N'S

Dear CTB:

I hope to see more mini-reviews and reflections on famous horror personalities. And, please don't stretch the topic to non-SFantasy such as comics, reviews on The Snoop Sisters, Electric Company, A Christmas Carol, etc. The Harryhausen interview was very good!

How about a complete filmography and commentary on the complete CHARLIE CHAN series? I believe there were around 45 Chan films starring Warner Oland in the first group, then Sidney Toler before and after 20th Century Fox sold the rights to Monogram, and finally Roland Winters in the last six films for Monogram. [Not to overlook the late, great J. Carrol Naish who starred in a tv series.—ctb.]

I, too, naturally, really loved NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD. I'd like to know why it wasn't made in color. Strange.

I've seen more than my share of SFantasy-mystery films, and my total so far is 485 movies. Of them all, Mario Bava's BLACK SABBATH, starring Boris Karloff, is the best and scariest of them all. Especially the first story about the bed-ridden dead witch. That was enough to cause a heart attack!! I've also enjoyed and thought both TALES FROM THE CRYPT and ASYLUM were very good.

There were several titles that start with N which seem to have been left out in CoF no. 20: THE NIGHT CALLER (1965), THE NIGHT HAS EYES (1942), with James Mason, and NIGHT OF THE LEPUS. Otherwise you did a very excellent and complete job.

Good luck and keep expanding your mag all over the world.

RON MILLER, 217 Connolly St., West Lafayette, Ind. 47906.

—Not only is it far more expensive shooting in color but director George Romero was working with an extremely tight budget. And, perhaps the main reason NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD works so well is its b&w photography. It's also unfortunate that the general public is developing a one-track mania for color, thanks mostly to the dictatorial underheads in charge of the TV industry—a film's financial "success" these days often depends on TV sales. The little men who keep tight hold over accounting departments say, "It's gotta be in color to be good and make people watch!"—an idiotic attitude as Peter Bogdanovich's great Award-nominated or winning b&w boxoffice successes have proved. But if they continue making color films, using the inferior quality now in use (and already evident with many films seen on TV, etc.), it won't matter anyhow—no one will care watching films that look as if shot in Puke-Orama, and everyone will prefer going to b&w film entertainment. Space permitting, Joe Dante's excellent article covering this subject should be somewhere in this issue.

The films you thought were omitted from our N list had title changes. Ron, NIGHT CALLER was re-released in 1967 as BLOOD BEAST FROM OUTER SPACE. NIGHT HAS EYES was re-titled TERROR HOUSE. And NIGHT OF THE LEPUS was too recent for our TV Movieguide (though I suppose that nearly any

film under \$3 million is almost instant TV fodder these days), but did get reviewed in our general capsule listings.—CTB.

RAW MEAT

Dear CTB:

Love that picture of lovely Diana Rigg on page 39 of CoF no. 21. This issue was superbly done as usual. As to Mr. Guerrero's letter regarding RAW MEAT—I didn't feel it was all that great. Lots of fun for gore lovers, but the plot was nothing special: the typical teenagers creep around in seamy quarters as the villain lurks about. Then the girl is captured by guess-who and goes thru horror until the hero and the cops save the day. What set this one apart from other contenders was its well-done creepiness. Nothing cheap in RAW MEAT except some of Donald Pleasance's humor.

Marvel Comics is down but I hope not for good. I can still fondly recall those days of Kirby and Ditko and the real Golden Age. Stan must be joshing when he says Marvel is better than ever. Ha. Take, if you will, the current TOMB OF DRACULA—Gene Colan's art is rotten; the colors sickening. For people who like this kind of gook, it's fine, but not at a quarter a crack. And TOD 21 only had 18 pages of story! Other than that, a Bullpen Page with all bull about all of their current money-mad projects, a half-page con on the price hike, letters and 12½ pages of ads (not counting 3 pages of cover ads). Frankly, I'm fed up. At least DC gives you a full 20 pages of art and a letters page in most issues.

Once again, thank you for another fine issue of CoF.

STEVEN EELLS, Box 188, Tecumseh, Nebr. 68450.

—Trouble with most big mag companies, such as Marvel, as well as DC, is that their burdened with overwhelming operational expenses, much of which is just pure waste. Occasionally some large company topples and goes out of business, as was the case with such giants as Collier's, Look, Life, etc. One of the reasons is that there may be too many people on a payroll, and too many chiefs but not enough indians (one efficient worker could often replace 3 or 4 gold-brickers, for example). It's hard to prune away a tree that's taken long years to develop complex twigs and branches—especially when it's a large corporation and not just a tree.

This may explain why most smaller companies, on the way up, produce quality material—but when some of them get "big," it's another story. It also explains how the American obsession for Bigness has become such a blight and curse that we're witnessing a System in dire need of a good doctor.—CTB.

SOYBEAN GREEN

Dear Cal:

Despite the critics negative comments on SOYLENT GREEN "being cute but having no impact," I think the film was excellent and incisive in exposing social problems and government faults. It's perhaps a preview of our System's next chapter if we let things get any further out of hand.

Other of my film favorites include ANDROMEDA STRAIN, OMEGA MAN, FANTASTIC VOYAGE, and, of course, 2001. Why don't you do a much deserved feature on ANDROMEDA? SILENT RUNNING was a classic for sets, direction and even acting (as much as there was of it). Is Doug Trumbull working on another film? [He was till he found it uncomfortable; now he prefers tiled floors. Seriously, Doug announced PYRAMID as his next one; he may have changed plans or title since then, though.—ctb.]

Comics are getting better, overall. [Hey, great idea there: Overall Man, once a lowly janitor who made well, gradually rising in power to Superintendent, and then...aw, forget it.—ctb.] DC's SWAMP THING and SHADOW, with Mike Kaluta, are easily the best out. Scripting for Marvel's old reliables, SPIDER-MAN, FANTASTIC FOUR and HULK is better than last year. CONAN is great, too. Now for the miserable failures: SHAZAM is getting worse each issue; no wonder C.C.Beck quit. CAPTAIN AMERICA, SUB-MARINER and IRON MAN are loaded with trash scripts and art. Let's try to grin and bear it. [Or grin and (Cont. on p. 60.)



The Mutations



Credits: A Columbia Picture. J. Ronald Getty, executive prod.; Robert D. Weinbach, prod.; Jack Cardiff, director; Paul Beesen, dir. of photography; Charles Parker, make-up; spcl fx by Ken Middleham.

Cast: (main principals listed in story synopsis); Lisa Collings, Joan Scott, Toby Lennon, Richard Davies, John Wreford, Eithne Dunne. And the real freaks: the dwarfs: Tony Mayne, Molly Tweedie, Kathy Kitchen; fat lady: Fran Fullenwider; skeleton lady: Lesley Roose; bearded lady: Fay Bura; fireeater: Dee Bura; human pincushion: O.T.; monkey woman: Madge Barnett; Popeye: Willie Ingram; alligator girl: Esther Blackmon; pretzel boy: Hugh Bailly; frog boy: Felix Duarte.

Double page pic: the real-life freaks of *MUTATIONS*. **Opposite page, top:** Tom Baker as Lynch. **Bottom:** Michael Dunn as Burns, the side-show's partner.

Not since Tod Browning's *FREAKS* was released in 1932 has there ever been quite another assemblage of as many frightening grotesqueries and authentic physical anomalies as are found in *MUTATIONS*. Banned in England for more than a quarter century (and still boycotted today in various areas), *FREAKS* was a unique, challenging and, for many, an appalling filmic presentation: a director using actual, real-life circus freaks as actors in a horror movie? Heavens, how revolting!

Yet, for utter originality nothing like *FREAKS* had ever been seen before, nor even approached in more than forty years.. At least, not until *MUTATIONS*, which goes a bit further in the macabre genre with a weird but powerful blending of science fiction.

THE STORY:

Professor Nolter (Donald Pleasance), obsessed with the idea that science can bridge the gap between man and plant—thus creating a new life-form—both



fascinates and disturbs his London students who include Hedi (Julie Ege) and Brian (Brad Harris), an American scientist attracted to Hedi.

Unknown to anyone, Nolter conducts his strange experiments in an isolated mansion with the assistance of Lynch (Tom Baker), a man deformed by some inherent glandular disorder who, with Burns (Michael Dunn), a dwarf, owns a carnival freak show.

Hoping Nolter's work will some day cure his own deformities, Lynch doesn't hesitate to secure human beings on whom Nolter can experiment. One such victim is Bridget; her kidnapping by Lynch is witnessed by Burns who lives in fear of his deformed partner, as do the other members of the freak show family.

Nolter's experiments on Bridget (also one of his former students) fail; she is turned into a non-human mutant whom Lynch brings to the freak show as "the Lizard Woman of Tibet." Tony (Scott Anthony), another student, who is suspicious of Lynch and Burns, becomes Nolter's next victim, a "Venus Fly-Trap" creature, capable of movement, speech

and thought. Tony escapes Nolter and reaches Lauren (Jill Haworth), also a classmate—her mind becomes unhinged at his revelations and she telephones Hedi while Lynch is out looking for the mutant. Hedi writes Tony's message down just before she herself is seized by Lynch. Brian finds Hedi's notes and hurries to Nolter's mansion. Though almost killed by Lynch, Brian is rescued by Burns and the freak family, who kill Lynch.

Nolter is about to begin his final experiment on the unconscious Hedi. In horror, Nolter is interrupted by the now monstrous Tony who, like the giant Venus fly-trap he is, drains the scientist of his blood just before a fire engulfs them both.

Brian reaches Hedi just in time.

* * *

The production staff and cast surrounding *MUTATIONS* is both formidable and outstanding, backed by executive producer Ronald J. Getty, son of billionaire J. Paul Getty. Direction is by Jack Cardiff, whose career began as an eminent British cinematographer almost 40

years ago (*The Four Feathers*, *Caesar and Cleopatra*, *The Red Shoes*, *Pandora and the Flying Dutchman*, *War and Peace*, *The Vikings*, etc.)—his directorial background includes *Scent of Mystery*, *Sons and Lovers* (New York Critics' award for best direction), *The Long Ships*, *The Liquidator* and others.

A talented veteran of many years, Donald Pleasance is one of the SFantasy screen's most familiar faces, ranging all the way back to two Fifties versions of 1984, one produced by BBC-TV (opposite Peter Cushing who played the lead as Winston Smith) and the same part opposite Edmond O'Brien in the monumental theatrical version. Speaking in glowing terms about Pleasance, director Cardiff said, "He is one of the most authoritative actors I know. He can project a bizarre character with that touch of of credibility that makes it all the more real and chilling."

Born in Workshop in the north of England, the son of a railway station master, Pleasance says, "By rights I should have stayed on the same tracks as my father. But, somehow, I always knew I had to be an actor."

Tom Baker, who plays the deformed Lynch, is already an established star of the macabre for his role as Rasputin in *Nicholas and Alexandra*, and as the mad magician Koura in *Golden Voyage of Sinbad* fully, detailed in CoF no. 21.

MUTATIONS is the late Michael Dunn's final film and one of his finest roles. He will be best remembered by fans of the genre as the tiny giant who transcended his personal sorrows and real



physical handicap by being a brilliant dramatic artist in his own right.

Scott Anthony is already known for his role in *Savage Messiah*.

Brad Harris comes from Idaho, comes from an affluent banking family, but terminated establishment connections to become a Hollywood stunt man; he was later signed up to appear in numerous German-Italian films (including second unit directorship for 35 films) before becoming a star in *The Fury of Hercules*.

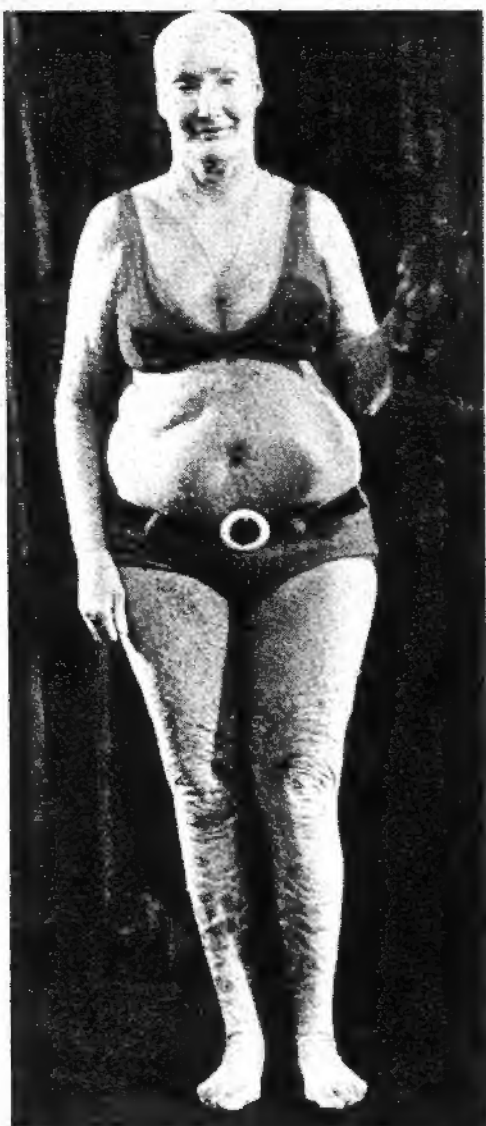
Jill Haworth (Oscar nominated for her role in *Exodus*) is one of the three top beauties who are in the cast. Included is Julie Ege, a 26 year-old honey-blonde Norwegian, a former Miss Norway, who appeared in *Creatures the World Forgot* and in *On Her Majesty's Secret Service*. Olga Anthony—virtually

Below: The Lizard monster mutation created by the evil Dr. Pleasance. Left: Scott Anthony as the Venus Fly-trap mutation, also seen peering (opposite page) through a window in a more advanced monstrous condition





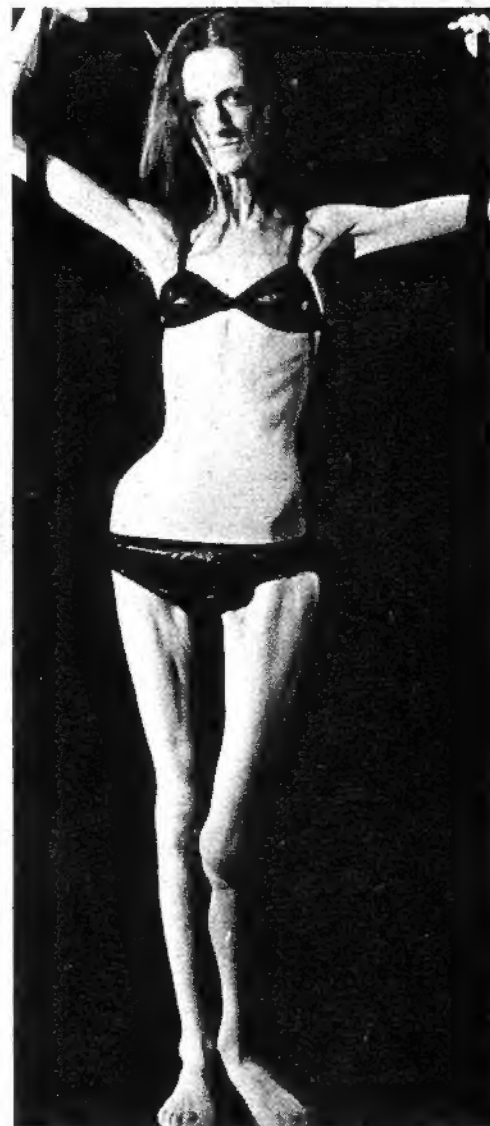
Above: The makeup genius of Charles Parker is being applied to some of **MUTATIONS** leading horror artifacts. Below: Esther Blackmon as the carnival's Alligator Lady. Center: O.T., the Human Pincushion. Right: Fran Fullenwider, the Skeleton Woman. Opposite page: All that's left of the unpleasant Dr. Donald Pleasance (Dr. Nolter) after the Venus Fly-trap mutation sucks him of all his blood



a newcomer besides her femme associates—is an English actress-model with flaming red hair who has done tv series and appeared in the Western spoof, *How Much Is That In Guineas?*

Obviously everyone connected with **MUTATIONS** has had some connection with the genre at one time or another. Significantly, so has 35 year-old producer Robert David Weinbach who produced one of Boris Karloff's last films: *Cauldron of Blood*.

— Nicholas Morgan







Patience Gony (bottom, opposite page) plays Faye Flay, Peter Cushing's weird wife. She's also a strange recluse who'd just as soon wreck loose. To boot, she's developed a personality that only a mother could love.

MADHOUSE

The Vincent Price interview appeared originally in FILMS ILLUSTRATED, a general film magazine distributed exclusively in England. THE REVENGE OF DR. DEATH, referred to in this interview, has since undergone a title change and is being released by AIP as MADHOUSE.

Whenever he is visiting our shores, Vincent Price likes to explore our English cities on foot or on the Underground. He is a life-long student of regional accents in his native America, and would like to extend that study to Britain. "I love listening to the rich variety of English accents," he told me. "I like to be able to guess which part of the country people are from". Recently he was in London to star in THE REVENGE OF DR. DEATH and also became a regular weekend commuter to Manchester on the night sleeper to captain one of the teams in BBC-1's "Movie Quiz" programme which was transmitted weekly from that city. "These were



my first visits to Manchester and I loved them. I was fascinated by the Mancunian dialect and had a great time deliberately stopping people in the street and asking unnecessary questions, simply in order to hear them speak. The same thing happened on my first visit to Birmingham several years ago, but I have to admit that I find 'Mancunian' much easier to understand than 'Brummagen'. My friends are now urging me to go to Newcastle and hear some 'Geordie'. I'm told it's something that every student of dialect should hear." Price admits to getting a great kick out of the "Movie Quiz" show. "I travelled up to Manchester on a Sunday afternoon, did the show and returned to London on the midnight sleeper train. At 5.30 am a car would be standing by at Euston to take me to the set. One Monday morning I fell right off to sleep when I got back to the studio. I had been awake all night in the sleeper."

On another occasion Price took the tube from his Belgravia apartment to Tottenham Court Road to keep an appointment with Canadian animator Richard Williams who is making his first full-length feature cartoon called **THE AMAZING NASRUDDIN** based on the Arabian Nights-style fable by Idries Shah. Price has been recording the voice of the arch-villain Grand Vizier Anwar who, with his pet vulture, plots the overthrow of the Persian throne



"Did you ever see Dick's film of **A CHRISTMAS CAROL** which won the Hollywood Oscar last year?" Vincent asks. "It was brilliant. I was absolutely delighted when he asked me to supply the voice of this cartoon character. I've never done anything like this in my career. It was fascinating watching these animators bringing all these thousands of drawings to life on the screen. Dick has a lot of Disney's artists from California working for him now in his London studios. **THE AMAZING NASRUDDIN** has already taken him four years and it should be ready for the public to see by the end of 1974."

Vincent is, of course, a leading authority on art and his latest published book on the subject is called "**The Vincent Price Treasury of Great Art**". It is a coffee-table size volume and contains many full colour prints with a personal commentary by Vincent on every page. The book is dedicated to his second wife, Mary Grant, their twelve year-old daughter Victoria, and Vincent's adult son, Vincent Barrett Price.

At 62, Vincent is busier than ever with no thought of retiring! "They will have to bury me before I retire, and even then my tombstone will read 'I'll Be Back!'" he jokes. **THE REVENGE OF DR DEATH** was his 105th feature film and he has two more lined up for British production later in the year. In



America, providing commentaries for television documentaries is also keeping him active. He recently did one called "The Devil's Triangle", a true story about an area between Bermuda and Miami where, for years, ships, planes and yachts have been mysteriously disappearing without trace. "I recently met a woman in New York who had cancelled her vacation in Bermuda after seeing it," says Price. "She told me the film scared hell out of her!"

Meanwhile Price is seldom absent from our film or television screens for long. The Roger Corman-directed trio of *THE FALL OF THE HOUSE OF USHER*, *THE PIT AND THE PENDULUM* and *THE TOMB OF LIGEIA* turn up regularly as part of an Edgar Allan Poe retrospective for compulsive late-night televising. Vincent Price takes all these varied activities in his stride. He is currently writing a book for American gastronomes entitled "What the Hell Do You Do With the Parsley?"

"It's a facetious idea," he explains gleefully, "but I think it will be fun. You see, in America our food is always covered in great mounds of parsley. You can barely find it. I am exploring a theory that the richest men in America are not the Paul Gettys or the Howard Hughes tycoons. They are the Parsley Kings. I was in Montana last year on a lecture tour and I decided to finish my dinner with an ice-cream. And, yes, you've guessed it. It was served with a sprig of parsley."





Vincent Price, as Paul Toombes, veteran horror actor, wonders if he is really bound by some terrible impulse (opposite page). He also finds his co-star, Carol (Jennie Lee Wright) an incompetent troublemaker. The two rival horror stars have it out in a battle royal—Cushing dies while Price survives.

MADHOUSE—The Story:

Paul Toombes (Vincent Price), veteran Hollywood horror film star, is convinced by tv producer Oliver Quayle (Robert Quarry) and his old friend Herbert Flay (Peter Cushing), another retired horror film star, to make a comeback in an English tv series. The series is to be based on the character of "Dr. Death," based on an old film that brought Toombes fame.

While on a boat, heading for England, Toombes meets Elizabeth Peters (Linda Peters), a beautiful, ambitious actress who covets a role in his tv series; but their relationship comes to an untimely end in London when she is murdered.

Her sudden and strange death bears an uncanny similarity to the murders committed in early "Dr. Death" films and bring back unhappy memories for Toombes. For, in the early Fifties his own fiancée was murdered under similar circumstances. The resulting scandal ended his career.

Plagued by fears, Toombes still pushes on and begins work on the new "Dr. Death" tv series. His co-star, Carol (Jennie Lee Wright), is

an incompetent troublemaker. When she is also discovered murdered, Toombes becomes the logical suspect. As the ghastly murders continue, Toombes is questioned by bearded Scotland Yard Inspector Harper (John Garrie) and his assistant. They inform Toombes that he is being kept under close surveillance.

A visit to Faye Flay (Adrienne Corri) turns up some disturbing evidence: Faye, a wild-eyed recluse, informs Toombes that her husband Herbert (Cushing) was once scheduled to portray Dr. Death on screen. And now, should anything happen to Toombes, he is set to replace him in the series. Julia (Natasha Pyne), the publicity girl, discovers the first concrete piece of evidence, a glove, but never gets a chance to reveal it. Toombes discovers her murdered body in his dressing room.

Shattered by the crime, Toombes wonders if he is in the grip of impulses totally beyond his control. Staggering to the sound stage, he sets the place ablaze as the cameras turn. Miraculously, he escapes the flames.

Herbert Flay now expects to have the lead

role in the "Dr. Death" series—until he is confronted by a burnt, disheveled Toombes who accuses him of the murders. The two battle and Herbert is killed.

Toombes, having turned Herbert's body into a decomposed corpse which can "stand in" for his own body. He never regrets that he killed Flay, realizing that Flay had committed all the murders and tried driving him mad. Quickly Toombes goes to the makeup room. Soon he is an exact duplicate of Herbert Flay, and, as such, is prepared to fulfill Herbert's contract to replace the "late" Paul Toombes in the "Dr. Death" series.

* * *

Credits: MADHOUSE—(89 min.). An American International Picture; produced by Max J. Rosenberg, Milton Subotsky. Dir., Jim Clark; screenplay by Greg Morrison (based on Angus Hall's novel, "Devilday"). Starring: Vincent Price, Peter Cushing, Robert Quarry, Adrienne Corri, and others.

PETER CUSHING

on Frankenstein & others

I can trace my interest in acting right back — almost to Noah, in fact. Before I even knew I wanted to be an actor my great hero was Tom Mix. I was always going to the cinema to see his films, then coming home and re-acting his deeds of derring do. I didn't realise it was wanting to be an actor, I just thought I wanted to be a cowboy. When I got a little older, I realised what I wanted to be, but I had no training for it and no connections in the business. So I got a job as a surveyor's assistant at the Coulsdon & Purley Urban District Council where I was really little more than a glorified office boy for four years. They were so patient with me, because by then I was involved with amateur theatricals and needed a lot of time for rehearsals. However the Council had different ideas about how I should spend my time. But there was a big loft in these offices where all the old ordnance maps were kept and I suggested that they were in such an awful muddle that I should go up there each day and put them into order. So I used to go up to this marvellous loft and learn my parts and rehearse to an audience of mice and spiders. And of course the ordnance maps remained in this terrible condition.

I also used to take 'The Stage' and answer advertisements in there. I tried for so long with my own name that I thought a change of name might help. I was in the throes of first love at the time and the word "darling" was naturally used an awful lot, so I thought, "I'll call myself Peter Ling." Cut out the dar-, you see. So I sent out a whole lot of letters to the repertory companies saying, "Here I am. What about it?" or words to that effect. But I soon changed my name back to Peter Cushing because I got a letter back from one of them saying, "I don't think there's much scope for Chinese actors in the repertory business."

Then for months and months I sent letters to Bill Fraser, who then ran the Connaught repertory company in Worthing. I bombarded him until finally I got a letter back saying, "Please come down and see me." I immediately gave in my notice at the office—to their delight—and I arrived, baggage back, at the Connaught Theatre between the matinee and the evening performance, and presented myself to Mr Fraser, who was drinking tea in his dressing-room. He said, "Who are you?" and I said Peter Cushing. So he said, "Oh, I'm so glad you've turned up. It was just to ask you please don't keep on writing to me because I've got so much else to do without answering all these letters."

Whereupon I burst into tears and he



took compassion on me and put me on the stage that very night in J B Priestley's 'Cornelius' in which I played a creditor. And that was my first professional appearance.

I was then in repertory between three and a half and four years, all over the country. One had great scope as a young actor, because repertory was such a great training ground. You're literally carrying about three plays at a time. You're doing one, rehearsing the next and trying to forget the one before, and it's awfully difficult not to get muddled.

I had saved up £50 in that time and my dear father paid my fare to America one way. It bothered me a bit at the time, I think he thought I could swim home. No, it was economy, really. Coming back to Tom Mix, I had simply always wanted to go where Tom Mix lived, and that was America. My father was a quantity surveyor and this was the only way he felt he could help me, bless his heart.

That really was a case of the biggest fool stepping in where any angel would fear to tread. No-one knew of me, but I had worked out my economics with my

£50. I went straight to the YMCA in New York and looked up all the addresses of all the film companies in the telephone directory. Then I went around to see them all and said, "Look, I'm a very famous actor and I've just arrived from England." They were all awfully kind, but there was one gentleman whose name was Larnie Goodkind, and he really did live up to his name. He was so helpful and he gave me a letter of introduction. I forget now whether or not anything became of it, but at least he gave that wonderful sense of encouragement. We all need encouragement at all times in our lives; whether or not you think the person is going to make it, you must encourage, I think, because if something is latent in that person, you can't just down it. You just need one person to give you that extra little bit of courage and determination.

I knew no-one at all in Hollywood. I again landed at the YMCA and announced that I was going to get into the pictures, to which they said, "Oh, yeah?" or words to that effect. I told them that I had no money left, but that I would pay them as soon as I got a job. They were so absolutely astounded that they said yes. So I whipped around to all the studios and made myself known. Now, it's an extraordinary thing, because you can go to almost any studio in England and almost walk in unnoticed, but in America, you go to the gates and there are armed policeman, bristling with guns. I think it was something to do with being frightfully British because at that time they didn't really quite get us at all—I don't think they do now—and I was just inherently honest. I said, "I've come to get into pictures and I *must* see someone. Who do I see?" So this particular policeman told me to go and see the casting man.

When I look back, this was absolutely extraordinary, because this casting man said that James Whale was at that time directing *The Man in the Iron Mask* in which Louis Hayward played twins—a good brother and an evil brother—and the director was looking for someone to play opposite him in this split screen process, to give him something to play against. Because it's like playing tennis, you have to have another player. Normally they would have the continuity girl just blindly reading the lines with no expression, so he wanted someone who could really act with Louis Hayward. And, to cut a very long story short, I got the job.

Film acting is a very much more technical thing and I only had this stage experience, so it was wonderful for me to observe all the greats of that period at work. And of course Louis Hayward himself. I played the good brother while he played the bad, then vice versa. Then the film was literally cut up the middle, my two lots were thrown away and Louis Hayward's two were stuck together and there he was talking to himself.

I was quite dreadful, because I was allowed to go and see the rushes, and I nearly fainted on the spot when I saw myself for the first time. I had a dreadful voice and I was as round as a dumpling. But as the weeks went by, it did improve a little and indeed they were very pleased



Robert Granger, Executive Vice President of the Motion Picture Industry

with me and gave me this part of my own. I got on a horse and came rushing up and said, "The King wants to see you."

I have always been a great one for detail and I love period costume. This was the period of Louis XIV and they wore lovely big hats with feathers and lovely spurs. So I went to the costumiers and, remembering the lovely noise Tom Mix's spurs made, got myself a huge pair. Then I leapt on this horse—having never been on a horse before, I used Mother's bicycle as Tom Mix's horse—and the thing took off and pulled down all the scenery. I had sashes across either side both of which fell down and pinioned my arms, and the stirrups locked, and in the end they had to lasso the horse, and me, and bring us to a standstill, having held the whole production up for several hours and at a cost of several thousand dollars. And I was de-spurred on the spot. But it was a marvellous intro into films. It rarely comes to any actor to get that experience of filming with people of that calibre.

Soon after that came *Vigil in the Night* with Brian Aherne and Carole Lombard in which I had a role that was virtually the second male lead, so I must have improved a little by then. War had broken out in England at that time so there was an enormous shortage of young actors. The film had an all-English cast and was based on an A J Cronin story about hospitals set in London and the North.

Robert Coote had the wonderful title of dialectician and they wanted someone who could assume a North Country accent that the Americans would understand but that would be acceptable in England as well. And that was really one reason why I got this fantastic role.

I arrived back in England in 1942, then I joined ENSA. Soon after the war I went to see Laurence Olivier, as he was then, to audition for the young male lead in 'Born Yesterday'. He said, "This is American. Can you speak American?" and I said no. I think there's nothing more phoney than an English actor trying to speak American. And he said, "That's awfully honest of you. You're saving us all a lot of time. And we will be in touch." And I thought that was just a very kind way of saying ta-ta. But, sure enough, I was playing a Frenchman in





Opposite page: Peter Cushing in
MADHOUSE. Below: Cushing in a
very rare shot: as Sherlock Holmes in
NBC TV's "A Study in Scarlet" (Sept.
1960). Cushing and Lee in THE MONK
REV



Peter Cushing on stage at the National Film Theatre during his John Player appearance. The session was chaired by David Castell of Films Illustrated.

a play at the Kew Theatre and Tony Bushell, who was Laurence Olivier's right hand man, came down and apparently went back to Olivier and said, "There's an incredible Frenchman in this play whom I recognise. Come and have a look at him." So they both came down to the Saturday matinee and Olivier said, "Well that's that chap who said he couldn't speak American. He can certainly speak French."

Anyway, he was evidently impressed and said, "Would you like to play in the film of *Hamlet* that I'm making? And what part would you like to play?" So I said, what about *Hamlet*. And he said, "That's

cast." So, nothing daunted, I asked what was going, and he said, "Well, everything is cast except Osric." So that's the part I played.

From that I went to Australia with the Old Vic tours with Olivier, then I got into television in 1951. At that time, because television was beginning to keep people away from the cinema, film producers weren't very keen on anyone to do with television. I did three years solid television and there was only one person who always wanted me, and that was James Carreras who was the head of Hammer. I was very keen to get into films in England

because films were the things I had always wanted — hence my sojourn to Hollywood — and I was aware that I had to get into a better type of picture, otherwise I wouldn't get on from there. But when I read that they were going to make *The Curse of Frankenstein*, I very much wanted to play the part. My agent showed me something that Hammer had made, *X the Unknown*, and I thought it was frightfully good, so I said if they still wanted me, *Frankenstein* was the role I would like to play.

No-one connected with that first film had any idea that this incredible snowball would start and keep on rolling to this very day. It was just another picture in a list of pictures they were going to make that year, and it just struck some chord among audiences of which we are still hearing the twangs. Because they tell me that these films are being seen somewhere in the world every single day.


Now I've played *Frankenstein* six times and basically he must be the same character but the writers do try and get some variety into the films. And because he's always being frustrated, because there are always those beastly villagers knocking on his door,

he perhaps becomes more ruthless about the way he goes about getting his materials.

Strangely enough the latest film is written by the man who wrote the first one and *Frankenstein* becomes more human again. But certainly he does alter by the very fact that different people write the stories. He was very ruthless in *Frankenstein Must Be Destroyed*, I remember.

The strange thing is that when we first started these films back in 1956, everything that *Frankenstein* got up to was pretty impossible, but now Dr Barnard has caught up. He hasn't gone quite as far as me, because I have transplanted brains. Not very successfully, I admit, but we've all got to start somewhere. But they'll be at it yet, the same as they'll find a cure for cancer, because that's what we're here for. Some of us are here to entertain; Dr Barnard and people of his kind are really going to find cures for these things; they are going to be able to transplant brains. In fact, I believe that Russian scientists already have done that very thing in animals quite successfully.





I don't mind at all that people may refer to me as 'a horror actor' because in this unpredictable profession actors are awfully lucky. They're doing something they love, they're earning a living by it, and the end product, we hope, gives pleasure. But for any actor to be associated with a form of success like Hammer's I think is absolutely wonderful and if that means being thought of as 'a horror actor', then I think it's the most marvellous thing that could happen to me. On an average I've made one and a half pictures a year for the same company for sixteen years. Well, this is fantastic. An actor's last job is his last job. Someone asked me earlier what my plans are. I have none. I'm pretty sure I will have. But you can never be sure like people who have an office job and know that they will be going to that office, nine till six, fifty weeks out of the year. But an actor doesn't have that security. The job he finishes may be his last for a week, a year, two years, you just don't know. So I think one would be very ungrateful if one did object in any way. I think it is a very great thing. In short, I love it.

When you're dealing with these pictures, which are dealing with the impossible, you have to believe in it and love it yourself if you're going to try and get an audience to believe it with you. At least, that's the way I approach any film I do, be it *Frankenstein* or *Osrice* in *Hamlet*. I always approach *Frankenstein* as seriously as I would approach *Hamlet*. That's the only way to approach any work.

Opposite page: (bottom) Cushing and Lee in *THE CURSE OF FRANKENSTEIN*. Right: Cushing arises from the grave in *TALES FROM THE CRYPT*.

ZARDOZ

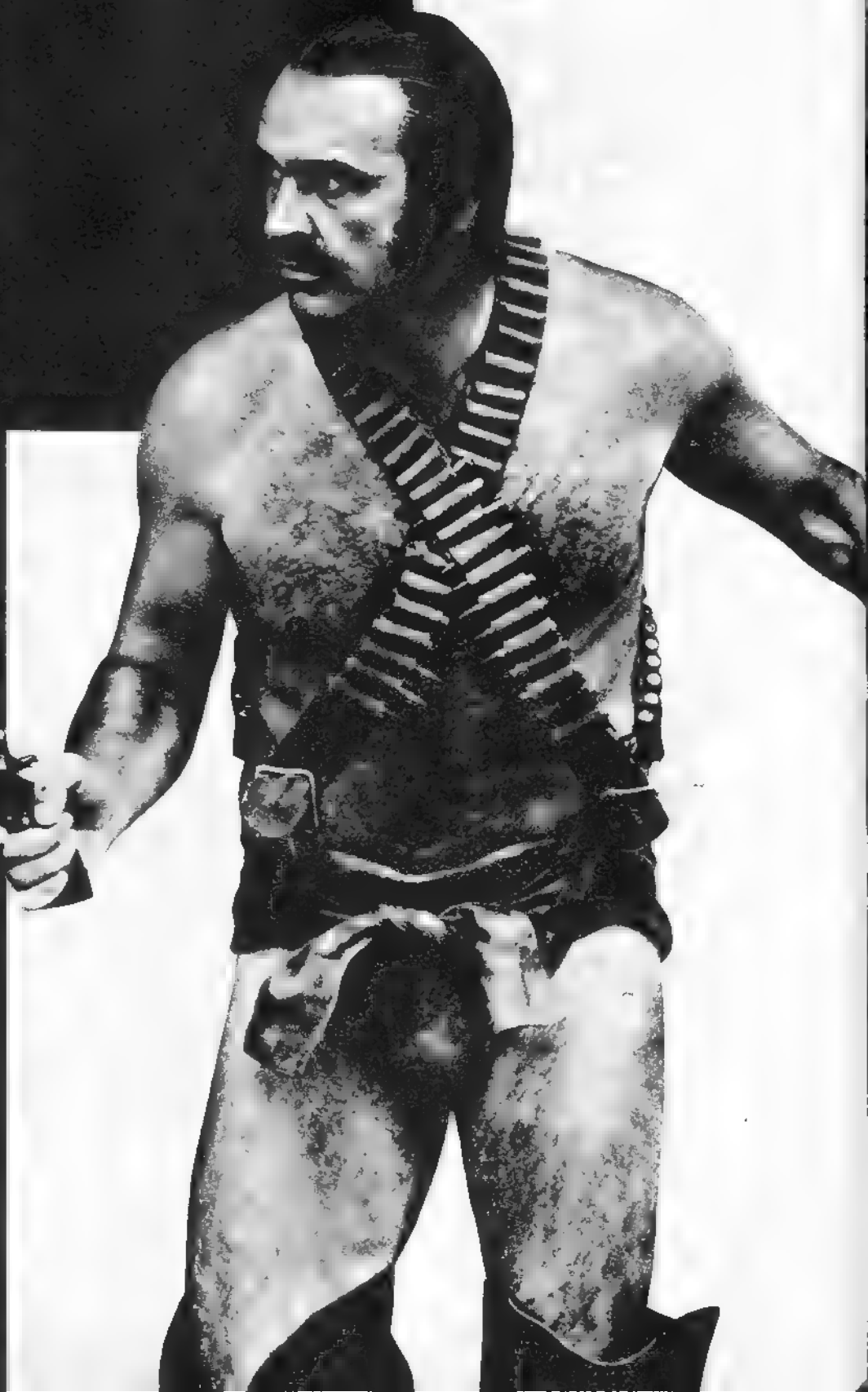
ZARDOZ is such a different film and maybe, so subtle that for once the mass audiences and usual gaggle of "film critics" seemed to agree; by almost mutual consent the majority seemed to say, "It's a bomb!" Even some of our friends said so. On the other hand, a few others love it, and even a few lesser known critics have elicited raves; such as Baird Searles in his column in *Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction*.

The reason why ZARDOZ has troubled so many is that writer-director John Boorman is dispensing more than the average mind can fully comprehend. And the odd thing is that ZARDOZ is glazed with clichés that look at least three years out of style; naturally, status mentalities condemn this because they're ignorant of or unused to dramatic similes and other literary nuances.

Superficially, ZARDOZ seems overlaid with derivation; in fact, blatant unabashed lifts mostly from 2001, PLANET OF THE APES, THE TIME MACHINE, CARNIVAL OF SOULS, and—God help us, a structure so damned close to the Roddenberry disaster of last year GENESIS II (not to mention its monstrous offspring, PLANET EARTH, just this past April), that—but that's where the "resemblance" ends.

Despite apparent derivativeness, there's a tremendously fascinating, likeable quality about ZARDOZ.

Some of it has undoubtedly to do with the fact that Sean Connery's not only star but dominant demigod. He's also in better physical shape than he's been in more than four years, thus he looks quite great, although the very long hair, especially the droopy moustache, ages him somewhat; and the creased, slightly heavier features aren't what they were back in GOLDFINGER and MARNIE days. But all this is apart from the reality that he is, personally, a very warm, intelligent and fine man, a fact perhaps suspected but only rarely learned, such as from his very few TV appearances (e.g. "Not For Women Only" early Feb., '74); so, as it's always been with most fine performers, Sean's inner beauty and humanity was what made him a star, not just his Bondian trappings alone—and all of this works into ZARDOZ with grand results.

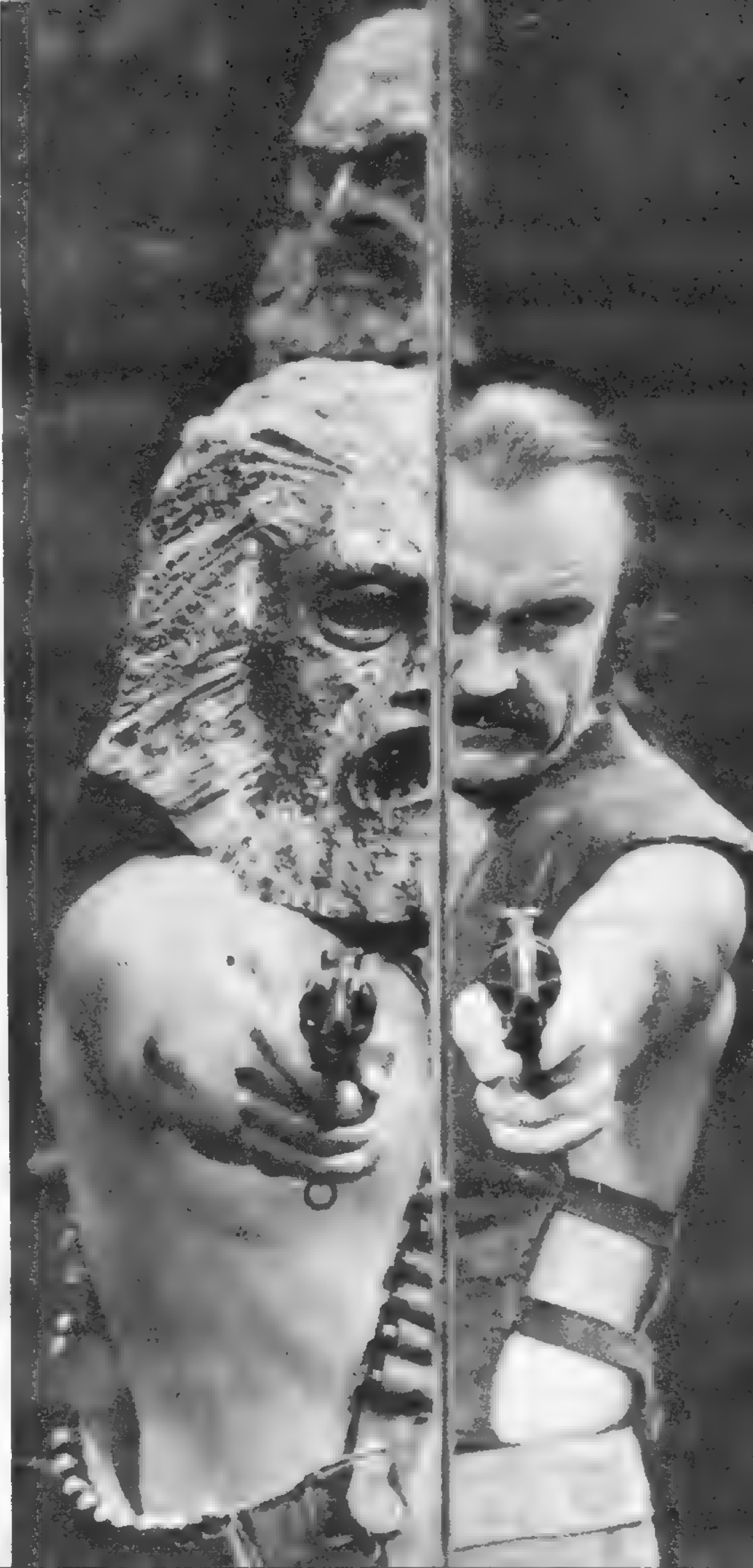


ZARDOZ starts off with a gigantic stone head floating down from space; the year is 2293, and civilization per se hardly exists, or so it seems. The world is shared by several groups—one of these live in awesome poverty, sickly, and unprotected, subject to instant extermination by The Exterminators, marauding and nomadic-like bands of barbarous soldier-horsemen who shoot down the weak and enslave those who survive, only to kill them later for kicks. Somewhat like Conan, Zed (Connery) rushes out of the pack, filled with bloodlust and rapaciousness... but obviously *different*. When the giant stone head that symbolizes the macabre god Zardoz lands (incidentally, Zardoz stands for WiZARD OZ), it vomits another abundance of firearms. Zed sneaks and hides within the huge head before it takes off again. Upon landing, Zed finds himself in a strange land ruled by The Eternals, a group of semi-immortals (the world's ruling class) who resemble TIME MACHINE'S Eloï. Beneath them are The Apathetics who vegetate in somnolent catatonia—but they suddenly awaken and "turn on" once exposed to Zed's mystical life-force energy.

Boorman's work is so powerfully structured, so intelligently tongue-in-cheek that it's rather obvious why it ran into trouble. For the last ten years most audiences and critics have been bludgeoned and desensitized by groin-and-genital, lower grade "shock" type values. Perhaps it has also much to do with the degenerate, down mood of the country for the last five or six years. Whatever, subtle message-prone, "odd-ball" films aren't now very much in vogue (this is quite significant in that it can be equated with the appalling decline of art film theaters within the same period).

Admittedly, Boorman's film, at first blush, is annoying. It's that rare film that one must *think* about before daring to essay a reasonable opinion. It has also a few flaws; some are huge, such as the last two or three minutes. And you may at first even tend to agree with some of the horde's grumblings as you leave the theater; thus, it's a good idea to wait at least a day or two, think it over, let it all sink in, and then—bang! You may start marvelling.

In a long and generally interesting article covering some of the more important SFantasy films of recent months (and a few going back six years)—"Movies Are More Sci-Fi Than Ever," N.Y. Times, March 17, 1974—Vincent Canby's comments on ZARDOZ fell into the same mire of perspicacious insensitivity that's afflicted so many others. Contemporary entertainment's orthodox linearity, in other words, has not merely indoctrinated but has also programmed a Pavlovian condition in so-called academicians (or "critics") and mass audiences that makes



them march to the same tunes.

Perish the thought that film or any other medium should deviate from the familiar or commonplace! And forget about *standards of excellence*. How many even know what it means any longer? Scholastic provincialism is the norm, mediocrity is revered, excellence is feared when not hated. It's rampant in academia, consequently it's reflected everywhere, even in many once fine but now run-down theaters owned by slum-landlord types.

Because Boorman's ZARDOZ doesn't

adhere to conventional linear principles, many have rashly cited it as a failure. Canby, however, reassures us that it is in that it "... exposes Boorman as someone of considerable less wit, discipline and good sense than I thought of the man who made POINT BLANK and even DELIVERANCE." — Appearing in the N.Y. Times, of course, gives it added dignity and integrity (though how they do it without *B.C.* or *Dick Tracy* is a mystery).

Several centuries ago, Dean Jonathan Swift's intellectual genius all so confounded academia and other status quo elite with "Gulliver's Travels," a mind-blowing, non-linear view of the world. Even more than 300 years later, Swift dazzles or confounds. About a century ago, Lewis Carroll went still further, took a magical tour Through the Looking Glass with Alice — and millions have been tripping out, men-





tally, or escalating their senses, or just enjoying themselves (or all three, or more, at one time). And many have, in the process, gone on to discover that most of "society" does indeed consist of nothing but a pack of cards.

Yes—**BARBARELLA**, **THE APES'** series, 2001, etc., etc.—all of them can be recognized in **ZARDOZ**, plus lots of other stuff. Looking backward, though, it's hard for me to recall when I have last seen such a great, non-plastic, non-conforming f--k-the-critics movie. Flaws and all, **ZARDOZ** distinguishes itself above many highly touted films by being impossible to forget and disturbingly unorthodox.

British-born writer-director Boorman, who created the mind-jarring **DELIVER-**

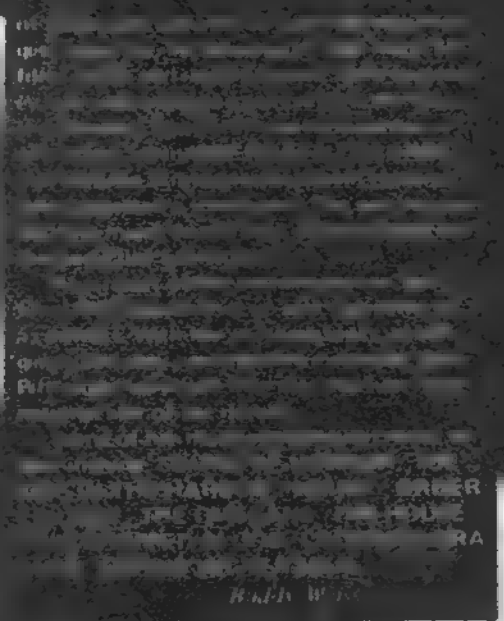
Opposite page: Sean Connery and Charlotte Rampling. Above: Sean Connery as Zed has his thought waves projected by his captors, the Eternals. Below: An Exterminator, about to kill as his god, Zardoz, commands.

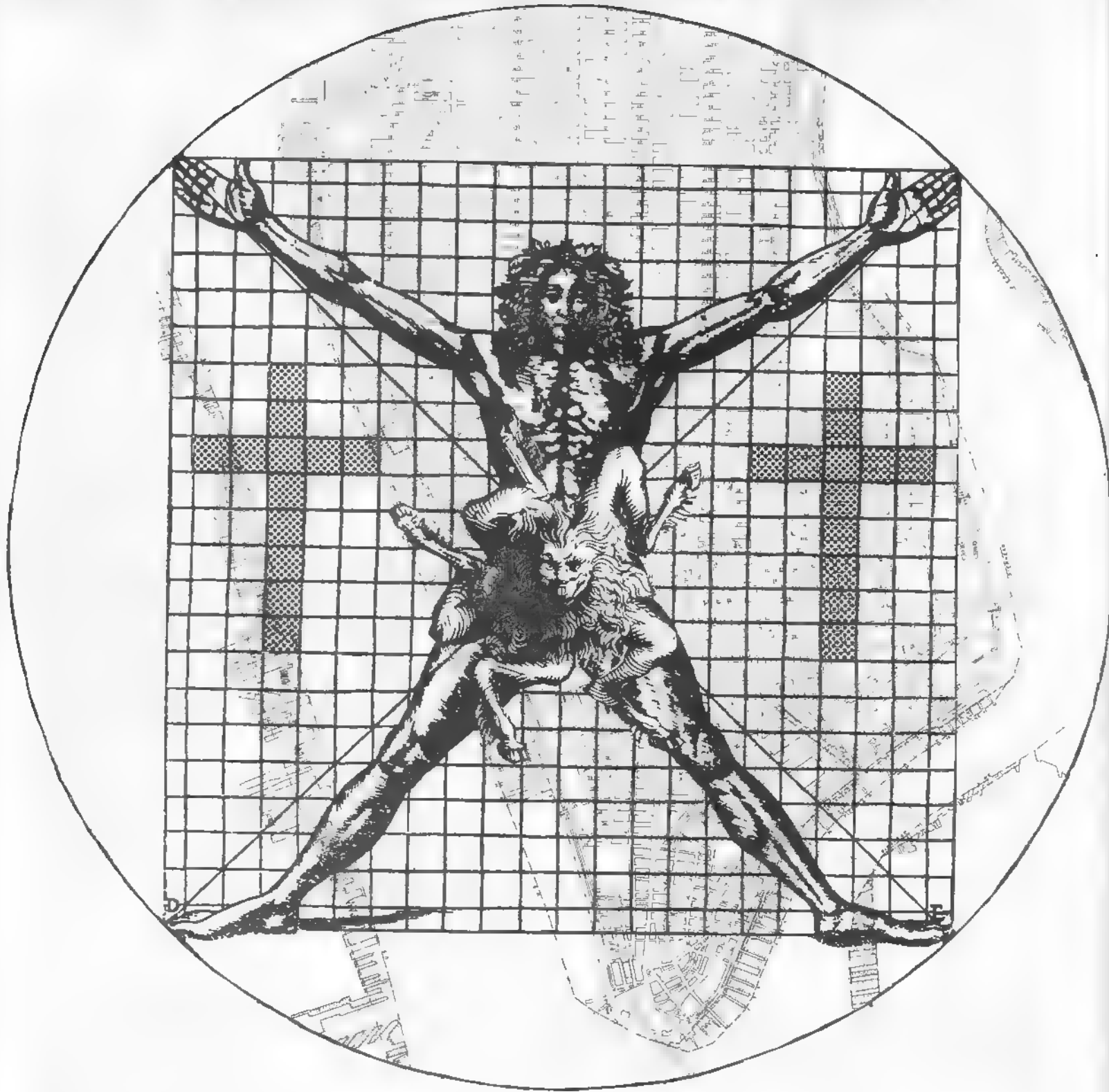
(Continued on page 54.)



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This image shows a blank, aged, cream-colored page, likely an endpaper or flyleaf of a book. The paper has a slightly textured appearance with some minor discoloration and faint smudges, characteristic of old paper. The left edge of the page shows the binding of the book, and the overall tone is a warm, off-white or light beige.





Some people faint. Others vomit. A theater manager in Toronto says, "We have a plumber practically living here now." And, in Chicago, a psychiatrist gave treatment to two moviegoers. The shrink, Dr. Louis Schlan, says, "Several people have become clinically ill—unable to function adequately in their usual capacity—some to the point of requiring hospitalization after seeing the film. We are all neurotics. There is no one without a neurosis which might be just waiting to be triggered off by a film such as *THE EXORCIST*."

Author William Peter Blatty makes his second Carson Show appearance. Dir-

ector William Friedkin sets off on a nationwide college speaking tour. And meanwhile, in San Francisco, a *real* exorcism: Father Karl Pazelt, a Jesuit priest, with the approval of Archbishop Joseph T. McGucken, performed 14 exorcisms between August 19, 1973 and September 18, 1973, on a young Daly City, California, couple and their two-year-old child. The family experienced "attacks of the devil" which, according to Father Pazelt, included "the throwing around of shoes, breaking windows, putting towels on fire, hitting them and thousands of other dirty tricks." The couple experienced the phenomena be-

THE



EXORCIST

fore the release of the box-office breaking Warner Brothers film, and they had not read Blatty's best-seller. The demons were dispelled with the words, "I command you, whoever you are, unclean spirit, and all of your associates obsessing this friend of God, I command you to obey in all these thing nor ever again offend this creature of God."

Father Pazelt has since executed another exorcism in Sacramento. Other real-life exorcisms are detailed in a recent paperback by Martin Ebon (editor of "Psychic Discoveries By The Russians").





Blatty's carefully researched novel, in fact, was based on a church documented case of exorcism involving a 14 year-old boy which took place in Maryland in 1949.

Blatty wrote his own screenplay and maintained a degree of control by functioning as his own producer, commenting, "Too often the producer or the director or the actor or his wife will commit more obscenities of change upon a script than Launce's dog wrought upon a gentlewoman's farthingale in 'Two Gentle men of Verona.'" Even so, there were arguments between Blatty and Friedkin in the final weeks of work before release of the \$10 million production.

In the past, Friedkin has remarked on the importance of sound: "The use of effective sound effects is, I feel, as important as the picture. . . . The manner in which all the elements are combined, and how sound effects orchestrate the scene . . . that makes it effective." In *THE EXORCIST* this emphasis on sound (with theater volume at maximum) is used to create a sensory assault and adds to the total impact of the film. But is it possible that the bass vibrations might have something to do with the cases of faintings and vomitings? One patron, while being carried out on a stretcher: "Four dollars and I only lasted 20 minutes. . . ." In any case, Friedkin says the Warners sound department can't be beat, which is why he did all post-production work on the West Coast instead of the East where he filmed.

Friedkin's desire for aural gratification has resulted in a stunning soundtrack score. Bernard Herrmann was contacted, perhaps with the feeling that he might top his great scores for Hitchcock, Welles and Truffaut. Herrmann flew from London to New York to see the rough cut, and then turned down the job, stating: "There is only one great film which has its credits at the end, gentlemen, and that's *CITIZEN KANE*." Without opening credits, a composer is deprived of the opportunity to establish the mood of the picture with an "overture;" so Herrmann grabbed the next plane



Double-page spread: Regan (Linda Blair) in one of the eerie possession scenes. Above: Regan is examined by Dr. Klein (Barton Heyman). Regan's mother (Ellen Burstyn). Opposite page (bottom): Father Karras (Jason Miller) and Father Merrin (Max Von Sydow) over Regan's bed.



to London. Next, of course, is the composer for *RUTHLESS*, *BLINDFOLD*. THE PRESIDENT'S ANALYST and other films of the past decade. Schulz's work, like that of composer Alex North in 2001, was given the heavenly approval of previously. It was a masterpiece for Penderecki. And, of course, Hans Werner Henze, George Crumb, Mike Oldfield and David Borden, with additional music by Jack Nitzsche. Considering the results of this practice (not only in 2001 and *EXORCIST* but also in *BONNIE AND CLYDE*, *DANCE OF THE VAMPIRES* and others) we can only speak of the final total effect. Apparently it gives a direct and more concrete view of the final total effect of his creation.

Yet another example of the sound work which deserves praise is the Devil's voice, dubbed for 14-year-old Linda Blair by Academy Award winner (for *ALL THE KING'S MEN*) Mercedes McCambridge, best remembered also perhaps for her appearances in *GIANT* and *TOLCHIN OF VIL*. There's no mention of her in the film's credits, however, perhaps for the same reason Karloff was listed as "him" in the credits of *FRANKENSTEIN*.

In addition to his TV features, Friedkin says he has "over 40 TV shows to my credit." With the exception of his feature debut, the boring 1967 Sonny and Cher musical, *GOOD TIMES*, Friedkin seems to be unable to make a loser. Perhaps the success of *THE EXORCIST* will result in better distribution for his haunting 1968 film version of Harold Pinter's *BIRTHDAY PARTY*, produced by Milton Subotsky with Robert Shaw and Patrick Magee.

Morton Fox



No matter what you've read about *THE EXORCIST*, it wasn't bad enough. Director William Friedkin and author William Peter Blatty are skillful, I'll give them that, but then so were the Nazis. *THE EXORCIST* is quite simply the dumbest, most insultingly anti-intellectual movie I have ever come across.

The story, I point out unnecessarily, is about the exorcism, by Catholic rites, of a demon who has possessed a twelve-year-old girl. The central character of the film is, for me, Father Karras, a handsome, athletic psychiatrist priest who is on the verge of losing his faith but whose faith is restored when he witnesses, at first hand, \$10 million worth of Warner Brothers' special effects. The point of *EXORCIST* is that religion is the key to the mysteries of the universe (one of which is surely the popularity of this film). Science and medicine and psychiatry are dismissed as so much atheistic blather. It's no wonder the 12-year-old heroine throws up. Who could swallow a line like that?

Can audiences really enjoy *EXORCIST*? The film doesn't scare you; scared is what you get from reading "The Turn of the Screw." It does make the audience tense, sure—but that's because sitting through *EXORCIST* is like looking at films of war atrocities for two hours. I can't believe the blood and gore becomes fun here just because it's make believe.

What is really saddening about *EXORCIST* is all the time and money lavished on these hideous special effects. Imagine all the American know-how that went into figuring out how to project vomit across a room! It's enough to make one demonstrate how life can imitate art.

Art, however, is too strong a word for *THE EXORCIST*, and director Friedkin has, in fact, eschewed any artistic intentions. Friedkin reportedly has said: "When I see a film by somebody than for somebody, I smell art."

Was it James Joyce who pointed out that art is an anagram of rat?

— *San Francisco Bay Guardian*

THE EXORCIST has generated a media blitzkrieg that, conversely, the film itself cannot hope to fulfill the expectations which the ballyhoo stimulates. Structurally, the movie is similar to innumerable horror pictures of far more modest pretensions: expository sequences alternate with interludes of *grue*, the latter increasing in duration and impact to at last culminate in a crescendo of seismic proportions. On that framework is hung the story of a small girl (Linda Blair) who is possessed by a demon. This internal infernal engenders behavior which earns external torment for the child's innocent young body. As recompense for misdeeds ranging from impish to homicidal, Miss Blair suffers shock treatment, electroencephalographs, two spinal taps, and, finally, a brutal beating at the fists of a trained boxer.

The plot is rich in incident, but the events which comprise it are not so much terrifying as they are gross. The victim's bizarre acts and utterances supply the pretext for some richly disturbing imagery; however, like the novels of the Marquis de Sade, these phenomena so far exceed the accustomed boundaries of horror that the movie topples fatally into the realm of comedy. Perhaps the line which separates shrieks from laughter is thinner than any of us suspect. Yet there is one

genuinely chilling frisson at the instant when the poor kid's possession becomes complete: her eyes roll up into her head, she suddenly acquires superhuman strength and commences to howl profanities in a voice not her own. While on the top of frightening factors, it cannot be denied that the musical selections (most-serious contemporary composers like Crumb, Penderecki, Webern and others) serve to enhance the horrific atmosphere.

The film's effectiveness is often compromised by roles poorly conceived and performed. Jason Miller and Max von Sydow adequately play their stereotyped parts as, respectively, the hero and his wise old mentor. Ellen Burstyn is the "screamer"; that is to say, she's the cheerleader-in-reverse whose task it is to focus audience reaction whenever anything dreadful occurs. The details which define her character, however, fall short of engaging our sympathies. She portrays an unusually bitchy actress who is employed in the filming of a typically morose "campus revolt" movie; apparently she is also on friendly terms with the White House (she is invited there for an intimate dinner early in the proceedings). Is it any wonder that Jane Fonda refused this role?

Most questionable of all, however, are the accolades which have descended upon the head of Linda Blair for her performance as the demon's chosen habitat. Although her face and form lend themselves felicitously to the special effects and makeup departments, one should keep in mind that her voice is heard only in those scenes which depict the victim prior to satanic invasion, in these introductory sequences her acting, if such it can be called, is saccharine at best. The guttural intonations of her fiendish occupant are provided by Mercedes McCambridge, a lady to whom vile obscenities do not come easily, but who nonetheless contributes what is certainly the finest portrayal in the film.

Whether failure or not, *THE EXORCIST* is perhaps especially noteworthy in its capacity as vindication for fans of hard-core *grue*. If it's true that *LAST TANGO IN PARIS* could never have been filmed, were it not for the excesses of *DEEP THROAT* and others of that ilk, then it is equally true that *THE EXORCIST* would not have come to pass, had not *LAST HOUSE ON THE LEFT* already broken the ice, among other things. Like it or not, there exists a sizable audience for gory, sadistic nonsense. Do the more civilized among us have a right to deny this audience its preference? I think not.

Lastly, we have all no doubt heard of people who stood in line four hours to see this movie, then threw up in midfilm and walked out. Of course, I can't say for sure, but my guess is that these people hadn't gone to see a monster movie since 1935. Several renowned critics have denounced *EXORCIST* as "disgusting" and "pornographic." Most horror thrillers, good or bad, are subject to this interpretation, but that's beside the point. These critical arguments all boil down to the same basic complaint:

"What's this? A real, honest-to-gosh horror movie? Can't have that!"

If these people had seen *KILL, BABY, KILL*, or *NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD*, or even such common, garden-variety stomach-churners as *DON'T LOOK IN THE BASEMENT*, they wouldn't be so quick to point that accusing finger.

— Paul Roen

WHY THE LINES ARE LONG...

I'll say up front that *THE EXORCIST* really blew me away. I hadn't read the book or even reviews of the book, and was totally unprepared for the shock of it all. And shock it has aplenty. After seeing it, I, a veteran horror aficionado, went around turning on all the lights at night, jumping at strange noises, and so forth. Like when I was younger, and impressionable, and saw *DAY OF THE TRIFFIDS*, afterwards contracting this strange plant-paranoia. It was shameful.

Blown-away as I was, I followed the publicity that accompanied *EXORCIST*'s release in much the same way as a leper trails a Messiah. I saw the Merv Griffin show, the one with Blatty and Friedkin and Burstyn, et al; I saw Jason Miller on the "Tonight Show," witnessed Linda Blair and her mother on the Mike Douglas show; read the reviews in Time, Rolling Stone, etc. I was even watching when *EXORCIST* spirited away the bulk of the much coveted, highly touted Golden Globe awards.

And in this time I have discovered something: everybody's got this hang-up, see—not the same one, you understand, but some private, personal hang-up. And *THE EXORCIST*, somehow, draws out everyone's hang-up. Desperate clergy say it will be a boon to religion; failing clergy say it's all a bunch of bullshit, and endeavor to ignore the whole matter; hopeful clergy say the film does the Devil's work. Psychologists assail it as a threat to mental health. Newsmen dig to penetrate its mystique. Critics loathe it, or say they do, almost unanimously. Because to do otherwise would be to join the mass, the wad, and admit that the little bit of underhanded titillation that is the work's essence had gotten through to them also; they might have to confess that there was, perhaps, one night when every light in the house was on! And, of course, to critics, men of learning and taste, such admission would come hard.

As for the audiences: they have their hang-ups too, and a lot of them are widely shared; everybody fears the Devil, everybody hopes God's still hanging in there, somewhere, and will be along eventually to pull us out of this pit we've dug for ourselves. And the personal, unshared hang-ups, God knows, are beyond cataloguing. Whatever they are, however, have no doubt but that *THE EXORCIST* panders to them as eagerly as Linda Lovelace sucking her heart out for the porno crowd.

Beyond all that there's the fad thing, and the status thing ("You haven't seen it yet? Well, I have, and believe me, it's really too much, especially when her head turns around backwards, ooohh!"). So the lines form, the crowds jam the moviehouses, and all's right in Hollywood.

— D. Raymond Betts

THE EXORCIST emerged after a troubled year of production, and post-production, as an amazing film, and one destined to become at the very least a horror classic. The finest and most chilling horror stories are disturbing as well as frightening. Director William Friedkin's film will be profoundly disturbing to all audiences, especially the more sensitive and those who tend to "live" the movies they see.

Not since *PSYCHO* or Jack Clayton's similarly-themed *THE INNOCENTS* has the art of film been so powerfully manipulated to grip and terrify an audience. It must be admitted that the highly unusual and explicit nature of some of the material is apt to meet with heavy criticism in certain areas, particularly in that a child is involved. (*PAPER MOON*'s troubles in Dallas stemmed entirely from the fact that its mild epithets were spoken by a child.)

Although some editing room compromises have clearly been made (four editors are credited), what remains is still far beyond the bounds of what has hitherto been permitted in R-rated product, and is enough to shatter the sensibilities of anyone whose sensibilities are prone to easy shattering. There can be no question as to the integrity and filmic intelligence with which these aspects are presented, but the frank depiction, for instance, of a hysterical child screaming the most graphic obscenities as she exhorts her priestly exorcists to violate her (and this is one of the comparatively milder moments) is going to upset a lot of people, including many Catholics. Not to mention — and this is a real danger — moralistic types who will see the film but only hear “reports” of its supposed blasphemies and licentiousness.

Suffice it to say, there has never been anything like this on the screen before. Director Friedkin and producer-writer Blatty have pulled a real movie rabbit out of a well worn genre hat and done it in a crisp, contemporary style designed to thrill even those who thought God passed on a few years back. The spell the film weaves is so powerful that its basic assumption of belief in the supernatural seems entirely credible. Its measured approach is graphic yet humanistic in a manner Val Lewton would have approved, and some of its imagery is terrifying in such a persona, even primal way that it may stand as the only film ever to give grownups nightmares. 14 year-old Linda Blair is transformed into what may be the screen's most horrifying creation (due in no small measure to Dick Smith's fantastic makeup and Mercedes McCambridge's uncredited vocals).

Although much of the film's impact depends on surprise, it is well enough known that the plot revolves around a movie actress (Ellen Burstyn) living temporarily in Washington with her perhaps excessively lovable little daughter (Miss Blair) while making a film. Strange noises in the attic are followed by strange behavior from the child. She urinates on the carpet in front of party guests and is terrified when her bed begins to vibrate. Uncontrollable rages of superhuman proportions and screaming obscenities follow. Physical and psychiatric tests reveal nothing. A complete personality change is followed by festering sores and a physical change so grotesque that it chills even in retrospect. The distraught mother's last hope is an exorcist, described rather gingerly as a legitimate part of the Catholic faith but one which has been relegated to closet status in the wake of psychiatry's ascendance. A psychiatric priest portrayed by actor-playwright Jason Miller agrees to see the girl although he is suffering from personal and spiritual problems of his own, which are used against him by the creature (or creatures) inside the girl's body. Elderly priest Max von Sydow, the Church's ace exorcist, is summoned and a battle between good and evil unfolds which could easily have been either too silly or too revolting to tolerate. But under Friedkin and special effects expert Marcel Vercoutere it's not only believable, it seems to be happening right in front of you. It's a white-knuckle fight all the way and, physically, viewing the film could be considered a two-hour isometric exercise, it's that tense.

Friedkin isn't above using such hoary devices as shock cuts to keep the audience off-center, but when he uses them they work. And he draws a superb, poignant performance from the always-excellent Miss Burstyn, who provides a necessary core of human feeling, as well as providing Miller with a smash screen debut as the tortured young priest whose final act of self-sacrifice is the key to the girl's survival. As for young Linda Blair, it is probably the most demanding role a child has ever played, and one can only hope she has been lying down

Father Karras (Jason Miller), in the process of exorcism, reads the Bible. Father Merrin and Karras (Von Sydow and Miller) are caught by demonic forces. Bottom: Max von Sydow as Father Merrin.



somewhere quietly since filming was completed.

To some THE EXORCIST may seem more stunt than art, and the film is certainly not without flaws. The psychological insights of the book have been sacrificed to rapid pacing, the likeable Jewish detective (Lee J. Cobb) and the movie director (the late Jack MacGowan, miscast) are woefully underdeveloped characters, and certain plot points are brought up only to be dropped, unexplained. But these are regrettably typical deficiencies in transferring a book to the screen and it must be noted that the movie sticks closer to its literary sources than most.

— Joe Dante, Jr.



THE CURSE THAT HANGS OVER THE EXORCIST



THE EXORCIST has now been seen by millions; it's going on to become the most financially successful film ever made. Scores of critics have written about it, and millions of words have expressed all opinions, ideas and so on from all parts of the country. And everyone who's seen the film has been thrilled, frightened, disgusted—or has experienced all these feelings and then some.

But few realize the strange forces that plagued the filming of the movie, delayed the production with weird accidents, unexplained deaths and apparitions comprise another story. A story that may even be weirder than the film itself!

In one of his interviews, director William Friedkin described the haunting experienced by his production staff from the very time filming started around two years ago. Despite the film's unparalleled success, Friedkin has said he's had trouble sleeping nights and that *THE EXORCIST* has definitely given him the shakes.

"I'm not a convert to the occult," he says, "but after all I've seen on this film, I definitely believe in demonic possession. There are things that cannot be treated by medical or psychiatric means. It seems strange, foreign and impossible, but it exists."

There were many who said the book could never be filmed because of its revolting filth and horror. But Warner Brothers bought the film rights for \$641,000, and Friedkin was assigned to direct. He was determined to preserve the book's shock value "to get people to suspend disbelief," as he puts it.

Shooting for *THE EXORCIST* began in August, 1972, and was originally scheduled to take 105 days. And then... strange forces intervened; the filming finally took more than 200 days.

Says Friedkin: "We were plagued by strange and sinister things from the beginning. It is simply the hardest thing I have ever done in my life."

First the set was destroyed by a freakish fire that no one can explain, including the guard who was alone on the set when the fire broke out. Shooting was delayed for six weeks while the set was rebuilt.

Strange tragedies and mysterious accidents haunted the cast and crew.

Max von Sydow, who plays the film's exorcist, learned of his brother's death in Sweden on the same day he arrived for his first scenes. This caused more delay while the actor was in Sweden for the funeral.

Linda Blair, who plays the demon's victim, lost her grandfather during the first week of filming.

Irish actor Jack MacGowran (the old eccentric professor of *THE FEARLESS VAMPIRE KILLERS*) plays a movie director who is brutally murdered by the demon-possessed girl. He dropped dead one week after filming the murder scene.

Accidents happened far more frequently than is usual in location shooting. A carpenter cut his thumb off. Another worker lost his toe. Ellen Burstyn wrenched her back and was out of filming for two weeks.

Jason Miller nearly lost his five year-old son to the demons of the movie. The boy was playing on an empty beach when a motorcycle appeared from nowhere and struck him down. He survived, but he was under intensive care and on the critical list for several weeks.

Delays ran the picture \$2½ million over its budget. One was caused when a ten-foot statue of the demon was shipped to Iraq for location shooting. It ended up in Hong Kong and two weeks were lost.

Another set was made useless when a sprinkler system broke down and flooded it.

On top of all these unnatural happenings, there are the other occult mysteries captured on film:

As Friedkin says, "There are strange images and visions that showed up on film that were never planned. There are double exposures in the little girl's face at the end of one reel that are unbelievable."

Friedkin, in a way, is not surprised that a demon had apparently been blocking his production of *THE EXORCIST*. One of the things that had affected him about Blatty's novel was its basis in a real incident based on a case of demonic possession in the Georgetown section of Washington, D.C.; it occurred while Blatty was a student there in 1949. In

real life, a boy had been possessed, but Blatty changed the character to a girl to protect the boy from painful memories.

This shift has given rise to rumors that the movie is based on events that really happened to Shirley MacLaine. Actually, says Friedkin, Blatty merely used Shirley as a model for the mother's character when he shifted the victim's character.

Though the characters are fictional, Friedkin's research confirmed that the events described in *THE EXORCIST* really happened.

"This particular boy in the 1949 case on which the film was based," he says, "met all the requirements for exorcism as set forth by the Church."

Witnesses testified that "the boy was speaking in a voice not his own. He was possessed of super-human powers. He broke the arm of the priest performing the exorcism. His bed shook up and down."

Friedkin interviewed one eyewitness who vividly described the horrible events. "I talked to his aunt, a middle-aged, middle-class, totally straight, pulled-together woman, and she told me she was there when the furniture moved to block the path of the priest called to exorcise the demon."

Even this aunt had been skeptical, until she got on the bed with the boy to calm him down and was thrown across the room to a wall.

"The priest spent the night in the room on a mat that slid all over the floor. The furniture tried to attack him. The boy would vomit strange-smelling fluids."

Blatty and Friedkin are probably wandering meanwhile if all of the film's macabre problems are over. Though the film was an instant smash hit from the day it opened, later winning the coveted Golden Globe awards, and then going on to collect Ten Academy Award Nominations, there was one more incident no one counted on. When the Oscars were finally presented, *THE EXORCIST* barely made it, missing out on all the top Awards and just squeaking by with two of the smaller Oscars: Best Screenplay, and Best Sound. As Blatty commented about this terrible disappointment: "They killed us!"

— Benjamin Fort

CoF interview:

WILLIAM FRIEDKIN



The substance of the following article by William Friedkin is essentially from an exclusive session conducted by the University of Georgia's Film Department over which Friedkin presided. Privately, while he is very interesting, Friedkin also proved one of the most difficult people to interview; this impression is evident and conveyed in the short but exclusive interview he had with CoF (at the end of this article) and by the interviewer's personal experience during this private session. Quite indicative of Friedkin's personality, and how difficult it is to arrange a private interview with him, is that out of a number of important newspapers and national magazines attempting to reach him at this time (Wednesday, Jan. 23, 1974), CoF was the only publication able to get near him.

* * * * *

WILLIAM FRIEDKIN SPEAKS

"I'M A STORY TELLER. . ."

What's happened to the American film industry is that it has lost the audience to an enormous extent, because we started to make films that were only *interesting*. The technique was fantastic, but where was the story? It's only recently that the motion picture industry in this country has gotten back to realizing what it is that we do. All I do as a director is serve the audience. I'm a story teller. Now, I can choose to tell those stories to myself or to you, and I choose to tell them to audiences. I choose to try to share with audiences those stories that fascinate me. It took me a couple of films to get to that, though. It took me a couple of films to realize that I didn't have a license to make movies just for myself, while nothing I do will ever talk down to you as an audience.

Last year's audience was 18 million admissions a week. And that may sound like a lot of people; but actually we're losing our audience at an incredible rate. The movie industry is dying in many different ways. As I said, the movie audience was 18 million a week

last year. But in 1946 it amounted to over 80 million tickets per week. Over 80 million a week—no matter what was playing. They didn't even know the titles of the films, but moviegoing was a habit.

My opinion is not just the inroads that television has made that's taken the audience from theatres—not at all, because where there is a picture that the audience wants to see, a *GODFATHER* or a *LOVE STORY*, a picture like that, or a *POSEIDON ADVENTURE*, then you can't get a ticket and stand in line for hours in the rain and snow. What I think is that the filmmakers of my generation—and I was about the age of, I would say, the average guy sitting around here when I started making films—gave up the basic fundamental reasons why people go to movies, which in my opinion is for an emotional, visceral reaction: to laugh, to cry or to be scared. I can't really think of another reason to go to movies other than on an educational level or the documentary film which is no longer really a factor in exhibition. No, people pay money



to become emotionally involved in the story. And that, it turns out, is all people. It's why I go to movies. For the same reasons. I don't have any high-flown, esoteric pictures that I like that the audience has rejected. I like the same pictures, generally, that most people like, and for the same reasons. And so do most filmmakers, by the way, that I know.

One of the things that we gave up was the idea that the movies are a story telling medium; and we got into this business with an obsession that *technique* came first. The thing that we abandoned was story in favor of technique. When I first had the opportunity to come into films, the New Wave from France had just begun to be important to moviemakers: the films of Truffaut and Godard and Resnais



and Charbol. The French New Wave had influenced the young generation of American filmmakers to an extraordinary degree. It brought most of us into the cinema to begin with—but what it took away was it caused most of us to imitate the work of the New Wave and, as it happens, it did not involve the American experience, the American lifestyle, the American way of thinking and presenting a story to an American audience. What we were literally doing was copying the work of the French New Wave and we were getting this opportunity to do it by all the major studios, many of whom went down the drain in the process. It's only in recent years that young filmmakers of my generation have come back to the essential story values and have put technique where it belongs into a highly important but secondary position of serving the needs of a story.

CRITICS AND ACTORS

I've had my share of rave reviews, and I've had my share of knocks. I've learned nothing from either. I can't on the one hand be lured into thinking my work is less than it is, nor better. I never read reviews, good or bad, unless someone thrusts them in front of me. I'm much more interested in audience reaction, because it's made for the audience. Anyone who has not made a film in some way is of dubious opinion.

Every performance is something that we discuss in detail and rehearse before it ever gets to the stage. Fifty per cent of the effectiveness of a performance is the way you cast it to begin with. First of all, having someone chosen who you feel can do it over someone else. And then after that, you have to make yourself very clear as to what the intent of the story is and what you feel their character's intent is in fitting into the fabric of the story. And then you have to be very clear in the directions you give. In a scene, I will suggest a staging that I've already worked out, that I feel is the way I want the scene to be choreographed. I'll give the actors that choreography and then let them see if it fits. And if they



Above (center): William Friedkin. Left: Friedkin. Right: William Peter Blatty. Opposite page: Jason Miller, Blatty and Ellen Barkin confer between takes on THE EXORCIST set.

come up with improvements on it, I'll generally go with those improvements.

THE SUBLIMINAL CUT

The subliminal cut is the most important discovery the motion picture has made, in my opinion, since the close-up. And much more important than the dissolve or other discoveries that came after that became a part of the storytelling process on film. The subliminal cut is the single most provocative and useful tool that a filmmaker has today as a storytelling device because it really expresses the way all of us think in cinematic terms. The way we're walking down the street or we're talking to each other and while you're looking at me or listening to me or I at you, we're flashing



on something else constantly. The way the mind reaches into God knows where for a picture out of our subconscious. Not simply in dreams, but in the waking state. And that's what the motion picture can do better than any other medium.

The first time I ever saw the subliminal cut used was in a documentary made by a friend of mine called Alain Resnais who made, in addition to this documentary (which was called NIGHT AND FOG) Last Year at Marienbad, Hiroshima Mon Amour and La Guerre Est Finie. It was a documentary of the concentration camps. In color, he had long tracking shots of this concentration camp overgrown with flowers and weeds and looking rather pretty, rather pleasant. If you didn't know what it was, it would look like a park of some kind. And the camera would do these long tracking shots and then there would be sudden, quick interruptions to stock footage of the bodies piled one on top of another in what had been the situation of these camps. He would interrupt these beautiful tracking shots with staccato, almost imperceptible, subliminal bursts of faces stricken in horror and a hundred littered corpses. That was the first time he did that in a film, and then he went on to do it in his features.

When I met Alain, I asked him, "Do you realize that you have arrived at the most profound invention and useful tool that a filmmaker in my generation has ever...?" And he said, "Really?" And I said, "Yeah. How did you get that? What were you thinking about?" He said, "I don't know. We were putting this film together and I thought it would be a good idea to just cut and I only had short pieces of stock I could buy." And I said, "Alain, do you know how much this has influenced filmmakers and TV people and everything in this country?" And he said, "No." I said, "Well, if style was copyrightable, you could sue every filmmaker in America for copying your style." He said, "Really? That's very interesting."

It turns out that everything that he had done in all of his work came about—and it's true of most filmmakers, myself included—of



necessity. It's very seldom that you sit down and think out the most dazzling things that happen in a film. What you do for the most part as a filmmaker is you have to be open enough to preside over happy accident.

KEN RUSSELL, KUBRICK, WELLES AND OTHERS

I didn't like *THE DEVILS*. I thought it was pitched on too hysterical a level for me. It was graphic and imaginative, but I didn't feel that there was any element of possible identification with it. I saw Whiting's play in New York. It might not have been a good production, I didn't care for the play. It was too many curlicues for me—for my own taste. I thought the look of *THE DEVILS* was brilliant and I think that Ken Russell very often tends to think more about production values than he does content. He makes beautiful pictures, imagery, and very often the content suffers and I think he shows off. He's got a lot to show off. He's a brilliantly talented man, but in the case of *THE DEVILS*, I couldn't get anywhere near it. First of all, it was set in Never-never land. It wasn't set in a historical time period. It was set in some weird-looking thing that was really beautiful to see, but kept distracting me from what I felt the intent of the piece was.

The most recent film—oh, I liked *SERPICO* very much. I liked *AMERICAN GRAFFITI*. And I liked *MAGNUM FORCE*, which is the best picture I saw last year. Putting aside what it is saying or what it seems to be saying about policemen or anything, it just works for me technically and I'm excited by it. I liked *JONATHAN LIVINGSTON SEAGULL*, I really did. I never read the book, but I was really impressed with how they made it. It doesn't seem to be working for audiences, but the work that went into it is extraordinary. It's a beautifully made movie to me. Forget the message or the text or anything—just the filmmaking I admire. I couldn't have done it. One of my criteria is when I look at a film and say, "I couldn't have touched it. I don't know how the hell they even went about that." I

recently felt that about 2001 and *THE GODFATHER*. I felt that's great filmmaking.

I'm not a good guy to talk about *CLOCKWORK ORANGE*, because I don't like it and I like everything else from Kubrick pretty much. If I had such a thing as a Ten Best List, which I don't, he would have two films on it which would be *PATHS OF GLORY* and 2001, but *CLOCKWORK* just mused me completely. I happen to think that Kubrick is the best filmmaker today.

CITIZEN KANE was really the first film that turned for me and it turned over some kind of engine in me and made me think, "This is what I want to do. I want to make movies just like that, because that to me is the best I've ever seen." It's a quarry for filmmakers the same way that Joyce's *Ulysses* is a quarry for writers. It's all there in *CITIZEN KANE*. Very early on in my career I studied *KANE* in the Movieola. I took it out and studied it frame by frame and learned so much from that picture that I'm still using, still discovering, as I go along.

The films that I liked best in the past five or so years, I guess, would be 2001. And—well, there aren't really too many more that I think are that great. I don't tend to have lists, but the most influential films to me over a long period of time—I would say that *THE GODFATHER* is one of the best of the last five years. The most influential films to me have been *CITIZEN KANE*, *ALL ABOUT EVE*, *PATHS OF GLORY*, *WHITE HEAT*, 2001, *RIFIFI*, 8½, *THE TREASURE OF THE SIERRA MADRE*, mostly older films. *GODFATHER*, I would say. *CABARET*, I think, was very good. To me, the films that go into that category are ones that tend to contribute to the language of cinema, not just entertain, but tend to be not necessarily commercial at the time they're made but tend to have a lasting value for filmmakers. In other words, Stravinsky's "Rite of Spring" is a piece of music that, whether you like or don't like it, has changed the course of music in the 20th century. And the films that I just mentioned fit that category in a technical sense. To an ex-

tent, *BONNIE AND CLYDE* did, but I don't happen to be that much of a fan of it; but that film did have a profound effect on the nature of the way we work.

Those earlier films I mentioned are really the watershed of films of the 20th century and everything that went on in *BONNIE AND CLYDE* took place in *WHITE HEAT* some 20, 25 years before.

AND HITCHCOCK

I worked for Hitchcock, as a matter of fact. The very first film I did on a soundstage was an *ALFRED HITCHCOCK HOUR*. I made the very last Hitchcock Hour ever made. My sole contact with Hitchcock was while I was directing. I was about 19 or 20 at the time, maybe I was a little older. I was on the set. I was very nervous and Hitchcock, who had very little to do with the series at that time, had come in to film his introduction. He came over to me and he said, "Mr. Firedkin." I said, "Yes sir?" He said, "I see that you're not wearing a tie." And I thought he was putting me on, and I said, "No sir, I'm not." And indeed, I wasn't wearing a tie. He said, "Usually our directors wear ties." And he turned and walked away. That's all I've ever learned from Hitchcock. [Laughter.]

All About THE EXORCIST

I think that one function of entertainment is catharsis. I wouldn't want a steady diet of *EXORCIST* kind of films any more than I would want every movie to be *AIRPORT* or every movie to be *POSEIDON ADVENTURE* or *CITIZEN KANE*. No audience can take a steady diet of anything. But there is very little film as catharsis if you examine the history of cinema in this country. I know that we've hit a raw nerve, but this country usually comes up from things like that and not only recovers, but gets better. The whole political situation in this country I see as a hopeful sign. I don't see it as a disaster at all. I think it's better that this stuff be out of the closet and open and exposed, and let people see what the hell it is that we've caused our politicians to become

(Continued on page 56)

FRANKENSTEIN TV

movieguide

PAJAMA PARTY (82 min—AIP, 1964). Despite the huffing and puffing of veterans like Dorothy Lamour, Jesse White, Elsa Lancaster and, most depressingly, Buster Keaton, the talentless script and direction (minor cult hero Don Weis) makes this a prime example of the worst of AIP. Over-age Martian teenager Tommy Kirk's involvement in beach party-type antics prevents him from launching an Earth invasion. He played virtually the same part in Larry Buchanan's even worse 1966 semi-remake, the made-for-TV **MARS NEEDS WOMEN**. Annette Funicello, Donna Loren, Susan Hart, etc. Color.

PANDA AND THE MAGIC SERPENT (76 min—Globe, 1961). Japanese cartoon feature, based (it says here) on an ancient Chinese fairy-tale. Panda, kitten, dragon god and flowers of life save princess from spell of the Magic Serpent. Animation is okay, but more on Astro-boy than Disney or Fleischer level. Voices: Marvin Miller, Milko Taka, Lisa Lu. Color.

PANDORA AND THE FLYING DUTCHMAN (123 min—MGM, 1952). Slightly slow (in a few spots) but extremely lovely modern fantasy, very rewarding and quite moving for those who can appreciate the dream-like pace. Play-girl Ava Gardner falls for mysterious yachtsman James Mason who bears a strange supernatural secret. Superb Technicolor photography, artful direction by Albert Lewin (**THE MOON AND THE SIXPENCE**, **THE PICTURE OF DORIAN GRAY**). Nigel Patrick, Sylvia Sim.

PANIC IN THE CITY (96 min—Feature Film Corp., 1967). Released theatrically as a second feature but made as one of several films, commissioned by and destined for CBS-TV. International conspiracy plots WW III by threatening to detonate A-bomb in Los Angeles, which would make an even greater blast than opening a new Bert Gordon movie. Unremarkable in every respect, but full of familiar faces—Howard Duff, Linda Cristal, Stephen McNally, Nehemiah Persoff, Oscar Beregi, Anne Jeffries, Dennis Hopper. Dir. Eddie Davis. Color.

PANIC IN YEAR ZERO (93 min—AIP, 1962). Ray Milland directs and stars in sporadically effective depiction of America reverting to jungle law immediately following atomic attack. Script is best when stealing shamelessly from John Christopher's "No Blade of Grass," and goes awry only when it starts inventing stock AIP-type situations of its own. First half is pretty good, but lowly budget, fast schedule and relentless sensationalism win out. Cheap, brassy Les Baxter score must have been written for another film and makes the big rape scene seem as if choreographed by Killer Joe Piro. Jean Hagen, Frankie Avalon, Mary Mitchell, Richard Garland, Willis Bouchee.

PARANOIA (91 min—Commonwealth, 1969). Lethargic pacing, ludicrous scripting and a general air of stupefaction characterized this ridiculous Italo-French sex-horror item even in its X-rated theatrical version, which at least had some nudity and suggestions of debauchery to jolly it along. Minus the prurience it's a hopeless bore composed primarily of lights going out, noises in the night and bodies in the closet, plus Carroll Baker delivering her usual shrill, monotonous and altogether terrible performance. Youth bums Lou Castel and Colette Descombes move in on wealthy alcoholic Baker and try to drive her nuts so they can have her estate to themselves. Umberto Lenzi's would-be Bava direction features lotsa zooms. Color.

We are, of course, way past the halfway point, alphabetically, but hardly spatially—the number of titles under R, S, and T alone run into the hundreds combined. Enough to fill up approximately one to 1½ times the space in one issue of CoF. Naturally, there's all that info from U to Z, all in all, enough for the next 7 to 9 issues. And when all of it's "ended," we will have an important announcement to make that will delight and surprise everyone. — Joe Dante, Jr., editor, *Frankenstein TV Movieguide*.

PARANOIAC (80 min—Univ., 1963). Rather nice, if familiar, Hammer modern gothic study of another crazy family with horrible secrets in the closet, courtesy of Jimmy grind-em-out Sangster. Neat, crisp direction by Freddie Francis back in the days when it seemed he would develop into a solid, imaginative filmmaker. Unfortunately, his later work (excepting **GIRLY**) has proven flat and uninspired, as if he's lost interest in the genre entirely. Tsk, tsk (or, if you prefer, tusk, tusk). Ripe performance by Oliver Reed, with Janette Scott (periest British starlet of the day), Lilliane Brousse, Alex Davion.

PARDON MY SARONG (84 min—Univ., 1942). Early A&C vehicle parodies South Sea Island romances with Bud and Lou doing some funny routines and stylish villainy by the great Lionel Atwill. Typical in that A&C's clowning continually seems about to permute into something a bit better than mere slapstick, but never does thanks to Universal's unswerving dedication to its comedy-music-romance formula. Virginia Bruce, Lelf Erickson, Ink Spots. Dir. Erle C. Kenton.

PARIS PLAYBOYS (62 min—AA, 1954). Huntz Hall plays scientist in another vaguely sci-fi styled Bowery Boys saga. What can we say except that this is a standard mid-50s series entry directed seemingly over the phone by William Beaudine and even shorter on production values than the el cheapo Monogram classics of the prior decade. It takes place in Paris, so expect plenty of rear projections. Leo Gorcey, Veola Vonn.

PARIS WHEN IT SIZZLES (110 min—Par., 1964). The anvil-like touch of director Richard Quine sinks this fairly novel idea for a comedy without a trace. Screenwriter William Holden has only days to write a pre-sold script and hires Audrey Hepburn (and why not?) to help. Episodic parodies of horror pix, spy films, western, love stories and comedies falls flat despite screenplay by George Axelrod from story co-authored by Julien Duvivier. Marlene Dietrich, Noel Coward, Mel Ferrer, Tony Curtis.

PASSPORT TO ADVENTURE (64 min—RKO, 1944). London charwoman Elsa Lancaster is protected, she thinks, from harm by a "magic eye" owned by her late husband, and sets out for Berlin to kill Hitler and end the war. Sounds more amusing than it is, but worth a look for Elsa's cheery performance. Gordon Oliver, Lloyd Corrigan, Lenore Aubert, Fritz Feld. Dir. Ray McCarey.

PATSY, THE (101 min—Par., 1964). Offensively dull, pretentious Jerry Lewis comedy (he directed) has Brechtian ending added seemingly for the delectation of his more rabid European admirers. Otherwise comedy elements in plot (about bellboy groomed to replace a dead comedy star) are on usual overstated Lewis level, with grotesque mugging aplenty and arrogant use of veteran supporting cast, relegating most to background prop status for Lewis's ego. Peter Lorre, John Carradine, Everett Sloan, Phil Harris, Keenan Wynn, Hans Conried. Color.

PEARL OF DEATH (69 min—Univ., 1944). "Creeper" Rondo Hatton vs. Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson in another modern update of Doyle, directed with his usual stylish precision by Roy William Neill. Punk script makes this a lesser series entry, but Basil Rathbone and Nigel Bruce, still the screen's Holmes and Watson par excellence, are terrific as ever. Evelyn Ankers, Dennis Hoey, Miles Mander, Holmes Herbert, Mary Gordon.

PEEPING TOM (86 min—Astor, 1960). Michael Powell's masterwork of nastiness has Karl Boehm as mad filmmaker obsessed with filming women at the moment of death, an

PARANOIAC



event he hastens along by way of impaling them with the phallic tripod leg of his camera. Bizarre, truly Sadean stuff available to tv only in censored version titled **FACE OF FEAR**, minus nudity and subplot about Boehm's sideline as nude photographer. Complex, fascinating low-budgeter is probably the erratic Powell's sturdiest film, and the director plays the hero's cold-blooded father in chilling home movie segments. Variable performances from an oddly matched cast including Anna Massey, Moira Shearer, Nigel Davenport, Esmond Knight, Shirley Anne Field, Miles Malleon. **Color.**

PEER GYNT (85 min—Brandon, 1941). David Bradley's 16mm production had teenage Charlton Heston in lead and as such rates tv distribution. Otherwise it's imaginative and even a bit atmospheric considering its low cost origins but unmistakably student filmmaking. Bradley showed style and talent with a 1952 MGM "B" titled **TALK ABOUT A STRANGER**, but later efforts have been disastrous.

PERCY (103 min—MGM, 1971). Leaden British double-entendre comedy about the world's first penis transplant. How can they run this on tv, you ask? Believe it, they'll find a way eventually. In the meantime, you're not missing much, apart from a neat comic turn by Denholm Elliott as the dismembering surgeon. (Sequel, believe it or not, is in the works starring Vincent Price!) Elke Sommer, Britt Ekland, Hywel Bennett, Sue Lloyd. **Color.**

PEOPLE, THE (73 min—Metromedia, 1971). TV film directed by Jon Korty, a sensitive and very personal filmmaker (**THE CRAZY QUILT, RIVER RUN**) who brings a quiet, unpretentious touch to this uncomfortably obvious story of a teacher's discovery of a group of hill folk whose offspring have strange powers. Too pat and video-oriented to make much impact, but occasionally interesting. Kim Darby, William Shatner, Dan O'Herlihy, Diane Varsi. **Color.**

PERFECT WOMAN, THE (73 min—Eagle-Lion, 1949). Mild satirical fantasy about android woman whose "perfection" is designed to show up society snobs. High grade cast labors under Bernard Knowles' static direction. Nigel Patrick, Patricia Roc, Stanley Holloway, Irene Handle, Miles Malleon.

PERFORMANCE (106 min—WB, 1970). It's tempting to blame the failures of this 1968 British fantasy about duality and reality on co-director Donald Cammel (**DUFFY**) and credit co-director-cinematographer Nicolas Roeg (**DON'T LOOK NOW**) with its successes, but the truth is probably more complex. Pic was shelved by 7-Arts, re-edited by Warner

Bros. several times over a two-year period, and emerged as perhaps the most esoteric X picture ever. It's bound to be televised in a further cut and laundered version that will make no sense to anybody, but try to catch it theatrically. James Fox, Mick Jagger, Anita Pallenberg. **Color.**

PERILS OF PAULINE, THE (99 min—Univ., 1967). Hopeless attempt to modernize and camp up the Pearl White chase format quickly betrays its tv plot origins. Lots of jumping up and down in fast motion, no amusement in moronic adventures of former Dodge Girl Pam Austen (Pauline) with Arabians, jungle pygmies, amorous gorillas, etc. Junk. Pat Boone, Terry-Thomas, Edward Everett Horton, Kurt Kasznar. Dir. Herbert B. Leonard, Josh Shelley. **Color.**

PETER IBBETSON (84 min—Par., 1935). Seidom seen fantasy drama from George Du Maurier's novel is one of Henry Hathaway's (**KISS OF DEATH, THE BLACK ROSE, TRUE GRIT, AIRPORT**, etc.) more interesting efforts; a heavily romantic item in which condemned Gary Cooper lives his romance with duchess Ann Harding only in dreams. Slow and dramatically dated in spots but has its moments. John Halliday, Douglas Dumbrille, Virginia Weidler.

PHANTOM CARAVAN (61 min—Princess, 1954). Private eye Don Ameche battles Indian sect in Switzerland in one of a series of ground breaking 1954 made-for-tv movies. Otherwise without merit, or interest. Genine Graham.

PHANTOM FIEND (62 min—Olympic, 1932). British remake of **THE LODGER** is hardly the equal of Hitchcock's silent version. Ivor Novello is the brooding musician suspected of those foul killings and an exceedingly young Jack Hawkins is a nosy reporter. Seidom shown today and, unfortunately, boring as only an early British talkie can be. Screenplay by Miles Mander and Paul Rotha, no less. Elizabeth Allen, A.W. Baskcomb, Barbara Everest. Dir. Maurice Elvey, who made more than 300 British programmers in his time.

PHANTOM FROM SPACE (72 min—UA, 1953). The ever-popular W. Lee Wilder (Billy's brother) brings his inimitable brand of thoroughly restrained talent (to say the least) to this monumentally dull B-pic about an invisible space invader who runs around some realistic locations doing nothing in particular for longer than one might wish. We recommend "Future Shock" or Joel Seigel's "Lewton." Ted Cooper, Noreen Nash, Rudolph Anders.

PHANTOM FROM 10,000 LEAGUES (80 min—ARC, 1956). Radioactive rubber-suited



PHANTOM FROM SPACE

PETER PAN (77 min—RKO—1953). Most charmingly animated interpretation of James M. Barrie's children's classic. One of the Disney studio's last "great" feature-length cartoons before so-called progressive, more "modern" foreign influenced (often less satisfying) art techniques began to prevail in the Disney organization. Peter Pan, the boy who never grew up, "kidnaps" three kids from their sedate Edwardian environment and transports them magically to wondrous fantasy adventures. All very beautifully done, backed by excellent score and songs. **Color.**



Tor Johnson in **PLAN 9 FROM OUTER**

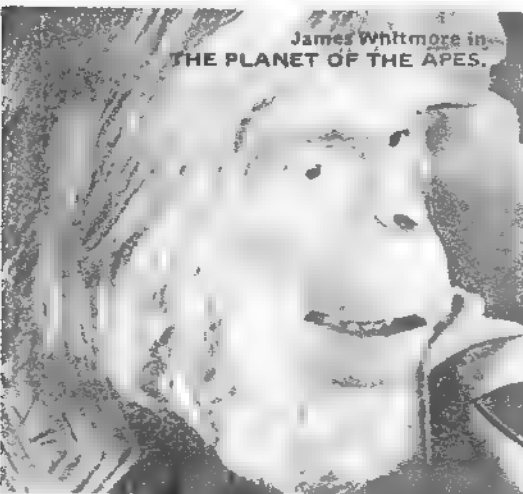


sea monster drags fisherman and audience interest to their deaths in amazingly vapid grade-C schlock. The trouble really begins when valuable undersea uranium deposits are discovered and there's a monster around, you see, and he's guarding it. The deposits look mostly like fecal matter, though, as does the whole plot. Kent Taylor, Cathy Downs, Helene Stanton. Dir. Dan Milner, later to reach his peak with **FROM HELL IT CAME**.

PHANTOM KILLER, THE (61 min—Mono., 1942). A William Beaudine remake of a Phil Rosen original? Such an undertaking has to be a specialized delight that only the most esoteric film buffs can appreciate. If Rosen's original version seems better, it's probably because 1933 movies tend to retain a bit more charm than 1942 movies, although this one does have the added distinction of Mantan Moreland doing his 'hing. Mystery involving deaf mute and lady reporter has slightly better plot than usual for Monogram, but otherwise it's murky lighting and drab sets all the way. Joan Woodbury, Dick Purcell, John Hamilton, Warren Hymer.

PHANTOM OF SOHO, THE (92 min—PRO, 1967). Routine Edgar Wallace-style German thriller from Bryan Wallace story. Investigation of disappearances of prominent Londoners reveals... nothing special. Has a certain seedy atmosphere, however, and bad dubbing. Dieter Borsch, Barbara Rutting, Hans Sohnker. Dir. F. J. Gottlieb.

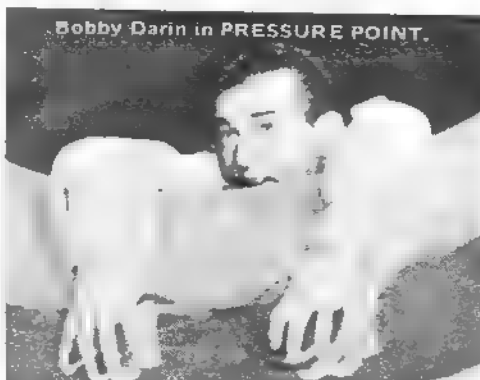
PHANTOM OF THE OPERA (98 min—Univ., 1925). Time and two subsequent remakes have not tarnished the magnificent quality of this great classic. Lon Chaney is superb in his greatest role as the Phantom, a hideous mad genius who rules the colossal Paris Opera House from his complex underworld domain under a wave of terror. Homage to classical Greek legend of Orpheus and E.A. Poe's fiction (primarily "Masque of the Red Death") is vividly evident. Despite overall stature and greatness, it suffers several serious flaws stemming from studio-director conflicts. Most of film's best facets may be attributed to Chaney's uncredited supervision and personal direction. Mary Philbin, Norman Kerry, John Miljan, Arthur E. Carewe. Dir. Rupert Julian.



James Whitmore in **THE PLANET OF THE APES**

PHANTOM OF THE OPERA (92 min—Univ., 1943). Generally considered Arthur Lubin's best directing job, but this admittedly limited craftsman worked to far better advantage in **HOLD THAT GHOST AND FOOTSTEPS IN THE FOG**, to name a few. Claude Rains is sympathetic as the Phantom despite the excessive footage devoted to top-billed Nelson Eddy and Susanna Foster. Plenty of opera, probably too much for today's tastes. Lacks much of original's Gothic mood and quality, though saved by Rains' performance, and a great Opera House chandelier-crashing sequence admittedly superior to Chaney's. Excellent Hal Mohr Technicolor cinematography (hope your station doesn't show a crummy Eastman print).

PHANTOM OF THE OPERA (94 min—Univ., 1962). Not a very satisfactory Hammer remake is less dull than '43 version, but despite good production and almost touching performance by Herbert Lom as the Phantom, pic is weakened by unabashedly hokey treatment, complete with dwarf assistant and all-stops-out hamming by hissable villain Michael Gough. Heather Sears and Edward de Souza make colorless romantic combo, always a weakness



Bobby Darin in **PRESSURE POINT**

in this property. Matters are hardly helped by a little erratic editing (including extraordinarily idiotic oversight: after great build-up as the film's key villain, Gough completely drops out of sight without any explanation!), nor by the addition of added footage shot for tv with inspector Liam Redmond continually summing up the plot much like the economy chapter in serials used to do. Thorley Walters, Marne Maitland, Patrick Troughton (in a funny bit as a rat-catcher). Dir. Terence Fisher. Color.

PHANTOM OF THE RUE MORGUE (84 min—WB, 1954). Obviously can't compare with the excellent '32 Lugosi original (**MURDERS IN THE RUE MORGUE**). For without 3-D this is merely an overproduced, mediocre mad doctor-killer gorilla epic, directed almost with no style or pace by Roy del Ruth (**HOUSE OF WAX**). Nominally based on Poe's story. Good ape suit (Charlie Gemora), though. Karl Malden, Patricia Medina, Steve Forrest, Claude Dauphin—and not as the ape, alas: Merv Griffin. Color.

PHANTOM PLANET (82 min—4 Crown, 1961). Atrocious space opera cheapie has astronaut Dean Fredericks shrinking on strange planet and battling homely monster in world of little people. As deadly and illiterate a pic as you've ever seen, even has scant camp value. Francis X. Bushman is leader of the space folk and Delores Faith does her specialty of the mute girl who miraculously regains her voice in time to warn the hero of danger. Colleen Gray, Tony Dexter, Richard Webber. Dir. William Marshall.

PHANTOM SHIP, THE (66 min—Guaranteed, 1936). A ship's entire crew disappears, and only Lugosi's left. Fictional account of well known factual mystery, it was first released under original British title, **MYSTERY OF THE MARIE CELESTE**, and was the very first horror pic made by the company that eventually became Hammer Films; thus Bela Lugosi stars in the first Hammer horror! Mainly of interest as a curio and because of Lugosi, otherwise slow-paced and creaky even for its day. Shirley Gray. Dir. Denison Clift.

PHANTOM SPEAKS, THE (68 min—Rep., 1945). Dead murderer's spirit returns in scientist's body. Familiar but rather neatly done,

certainly one of Republic's more stylish B pictures, directed by the unprolific John K. Butler. Richard Arlen, Lynn Roberts, Stanley Ridges, Tom Powers, Jonathan Hale.

PHANTOM STRIKES, THE (58 min—Mono., 1940). Sidney Gilliat (**The Lady Vanishes**, **Night Train to Munich**) and Michael Balcon (**Dead of Night**) produced this '38 British import, shortened for U.S. double bills. No, it's not invisible union shops striking for higher wages or anything like that. Anybody seen it? No? (Only available data: based on Edgar Wallace's "The Ringer."). Wilfrid Lawson, Alexander (WILSON) Knox, Sonnie Hale. Dir. Walter Forde (**THE GHOST TRAIN**, **TIME FLIES**, etc.).

PHANTOM TOLLBOOTH, THE (98 min—MGM, 1968). Re-released in '68 after initially poor distribution. Chuck Jones, most likely heir to the Disney throne, is disappointing with this preachy allegory based on Norman Juster's 1961 fable about boy who rescues the Princesses Rhyme and Reason. The Doldrum Swamp sequences, though, rank along with Jones' greatest creations: the sheepdog Sam and Ralph, the Roadrunner, Pepe Le Pew, the tv Pogo, **HOW THE GRINCH STOLE CHRISTMAS**, and his first feature, **GAY PURÉE**. Live action at beginning and end stars Butch Patrick. Jones can be seen briefly in Hitchcockian cameo on the trolley. Voices: Mel Blanc, Hans Conried, Daws Butler, Candy Candido, etc. Color.

PHYNX, THE (91 min—WB, 1969). 1969 the year they'd make anything as long as it seemed "youth oriented." Unreleased because it turned out to be so awful, this cynical attempt to exploit the fame of veteran film performers and thereby create a new Monkees-style ersatz rock group of no-talents deserves to be world-premiered on the CBS Late Movie. Such luminaries as Leo Gorcey, Huntz Hall, Johnny Weismuller, Jay Silverheels, Andy Devine, Pat O'Brien, Busby Berkeley and Butterfly McQueen (to name only a few, none of whom ever made a movie as bad as this one) are kidnapped by criminal organization and rescued by The Phynx, the aforementioned would-be singers. Truly embarrassing, maybe even the worst movie in this column, and that's saying something. Dir. Lee Katzin. Color.

PHAROAH'S CURSE, THE (66 min—UA, 1957). Minor living mummy thriller set in 1902 with luckless native possessed by bloodthirsty Pharaoh's soul and knocking off members of The Expedition. Routinely directed by mediocrity specialist Lee Sholem, with sole interest coming from presence of lead Mark Dana, whom trivia fanatics will recognize as the Mr. Clean of early 60s tv commercials. Diane Brewster, Terence DeMarney, Ziva Shaphir, Kurt Katch.

PICTURE MOMMY DEAD (88 min—Embassy, 1966). Bert Gordon's nepotistic triumph stars his not spectacularly talented daughter Susan as a teenager fresh out of a sanitarium who sees apparitions of Zsa Zsa Gabor. Sounds like a hopeless case, doesn't it? The total absence of insects crawling over photographs of buildings and of giants with blue matte lines around them makes this an untypical Gordon film, and believe us it could have used them. Don Ameche, Martha Hyer, Signe Hasso, Wendell Corey. Color.

PICTURE OF DORIAN GRAY, THE (111 min—MGM, 1945). Albert Lewin's intermittently superb adaptation of Wilde's fantasy about the decadent young fellow (actually a semi-biography of Wilde) whose dissolution is evidenced only in his portrait is watered down in typical Forties fashion, but a perfectly cast Hurd Hatfield delivers the performance of his life (excepting maybe his appearance in **MICK-EY ONE**), and Harry Stradling's Oscar Winning cinematography uses MGM gloss to good advantage. Certainly far superior to the sexed-up, plastic 1971 Helmut Berger version. George Sanders in one of his best roles steals many scenes. Excellent score by Herbert Stothart. Peter Lawford, Angela Lansbury, Donna Reed, Lowell Gilmore, Billy Bevan, Miles Mander.

PIED PIPER, THE (90 min—Crest-Intl., 1957). TV musical which looked awful on theatre screens doesn't look quite so bad back on tv, but it's still cheap and tacky enough to justify being picked up for distribution by K. Gordon

Murray, whose taste in such matters is not exactly exemplary. Shameless hamming by Van Johnson, Claude Rains, Kay Starr, Jim Backus. Color.

PILLOW OF DEATH (66 min—Univ., 1945). Final entry in the Inner Sanctum series emphasizes supernatural aspects more than previous titles and is all the better for it. Lawyer Lon Chaney murders his wife but is driven batty by her spirit and a nosy psychic investigator. Typical Universal B; fun if you're in the mood. Brenda Joyce, J. Edward Bromberg, Sosalind Ivan. Dir. Wallace Fox

PINOCCHIO (74 min—RKO—1940). The Disney company's second feature-length cartoon, following SNOW WHITE (1937) still remains among its greatest productions, and rated by most Disneyphiles as their favorite. Story tells of large wooden marionette, Pinocchio, granted life by the good fairy to keep lonely, childless old woodworker Geppetto company. Scene-stealer (and, perhaps, film's most memorable character) Jiminy Cricket acts as 'Pinoke's' conscience, story narrator, etc., and sings one of finest ballads ever, "When You Wish Upon A Star." Classical fantasy panorama strikes out in numerous areas, on many levels, adventures galore, great touches of horror (i.e. Pinocchio and misled kids are turned into donkeys in evil area disguised as a magnificent amusement park). A filmic masterpiece! And great songs and music! Color.

PINOCCHIO IN OUTER SPACE (71 min—Univ., 1965). Belgian-US animated cartoon intended as sequel to the original with real-boy Pinoke getting so obnoxious the Good Fairy turns him into a puppet again. He has to perform tasks like capturing Astro the Space Whale. Mostly reminds you that PINOCCHIO is probably Disney's masterpiece. Color.

PIT AND THE PENDULUM, THE (90 min—AIP, 1961). One of Corman's most uneven Poe films uses completely new (well, different anyway) Richard Matheson script as springboard for engagingly cornball insanity in-the-castle hokum, with Vincent Price in fine eyeball-rolling, scenery-chomping form. Problems include awful homage to Jack Nicholson-performance by John Kerr (who acts like he was mugged on the way to the studio), but Barbara Steele in her only US horror pic is still the voluptuous siren we all know and love. Padded tv version begins with added sequence of Luana Anders in madhouse relating story in flashbacks (okay, so she wasn't present during most of it; credit her with a good imagination). Anthony Carbone, Patrick Westwood. Color.

PLAGUE OF THE ZOMBIES (90 min—Fox, 1965). Surprisingly effective entry in a generally moribund sub-genre benefits from good John Gilling direction, nice if modest Hammer production and convincing performances. Plague in Cornish village leads to discovery that local squire has revived the dead to work in his tin mine. Attempts to read this as a labor-vs.-management social statement are a bit far-fetched, but it does have a great up-from-the-grave cemetery sequence. Andre Morell, Diane Claire, Brook Williams, Jacqueline Pearce. Color.

PLAN 9 FROM OUTER SPACE (76 min—DCA, 1959). From the hammy intro by Criswell to the hammy afterword by Criswell, this grade Z 1956 home movie masquerading as a theatrical film is an unalloyed delight, raising rank amateurishness to the level of high comic art. Residents of San Fernando, California are terrified by UFO's in the shape of thermos plugs which revive the dead, if not the audience, in one of the chintziest graveyard sets ever seen. Among the disinterred is the actually dead Bela Lugosi, via silent film

clips that look like test footage for a remake of SCARED TO DEATH and lend an appropriately morbid tone. For Johnson's game line readings make this his greatest role (no small accomplishment, considering), and perfectly incompetent support is provided by Vampira, Mona McKinnon, Lyle Talbot, Tom Keene and others too humorous to mention. Screenplay, production and direction by Edward D. Wood Jr., a name to conjure with. Wow.

PLANET OF BLOOD (80 min—AIP, 1966). Flat, cheaply made space opera has green alien woman from wrecked spaceship draining blood from earthling astronauts who rescued her. Director Curtis Harrington (NIGHT TIDE) is surprisingly disappointing, bringing no discernible style or talent whatever to this assembly-line affair, the only imaginative portions of which are special effects sequences lifted from a Soviet space movie. Basil Rathbone, John Saxon, Judi Meredith, Dennis Hopper, Florence Marly, and Forrest J. "FM" Ackerman. Released as QUEEN OF BLOOD. Color.

PLANET OF THE APES (112 min—Fox, 1968). First of the Apes sagas has astronaut Charlton Heston landing on planet where intelligent talking apes lord it over human slaves. Has achieved a certain cult status despite basic familiarity of idea and obviousness of social satire. Originally a project of Arthur P. Jacobs, Blake Edwards and Rod Serling for Warner Bros., Jacobs persuaded Fox to go ahead with it after WB backed out citing proposed \$11 million budget. Edwards withdrew and Michael Wilson rewrote Serling's script. Franklin Schaffner's direction, with its penchant for superfluous arty angles, is the weakest link, but thanks to John Chambers' captivating ape makeups and good humored playing by Roddy McDowall, Kim Hunter, Maurice Evans, James Whitmore and James Daly as apes, pic is great fun. Final shot, im-



pressive in Panavision, loses impact in flat tv version which breaks it into two separate shots. Color, Panavision.

PLANET OF THE VAMPIRES (86 min—AIP, 1965). Fabulous comic strip sci-fi shows director Mario Bava at his most visually inventive, 1b Melchior plot about disembodied inhabitants of planet Aura seeking escape by inhabiting astronauts' dead bodies is simple kidstuff, but Bava's swell yet highly economical visuals make it a fascinating trip. Several memorable sequences, notably the slow-motion shot of reanimated corpses ripping off their plastic shrouds, and a scene with a gigantic alien skeleton. Dubbed dialogue runs the gamut from "Let's get out of here!" to "Let's get out of here quick!" Barry Sullivan, Norma Bengell, Angel Aranda, Evi Miranda. On tv as DEMON PLANET. Color.

PLANETS AGAINST US (88 min—Medallion, 1961). Italo-French-German sci-fi about alien with weird magnetic powers has some interesting moments, but cutting from original 105 minute length and careless dubbing make it a bit hard to criticize. Michel Lemoine, Maria Paluzzi, Jany Clair. Dir. Romano Ferrara.

PLUCKED! (90 min—UMC, 1967). Weird Italo-French thriller doesn't quite fulfill the promise of its marquee billing ("Gina Lollobrigida —Plucked!") but qualifies as a genuine curiosity mixing murder, sci-fi, social comment, sex perversion and sheer absurdity in distinctly European tradition. Chicken breeder Jean-Louis Trintignant, whose psychosexual sadism activities will be completely missing from tv showings, plots to push wife Gina into grain crushing machine and marry Ewa Aulin, who is plotting with her own lover

outtakes and mis-framed shots. At least this explains how Patrick Magee popped up as one of the wax-covered corpses in the climax of BLOOD BATH. William Campbell, Anna Pavane.

PORTRAIT OF JENNIE (94 min—Seiznick, 1948). Struggling artist Joseph Cotten suddenly finds perfect subject for a painting: a strange, unearthly child (Jennifer Jones) who becomes years older each time they meet. Grand stunning moments in genuinely eerie fantasy (from Robert Nathan novella), especially fantastically beautiful winter scenes in NYC's Central Park; effect, though, is somewhat marred by purple-prose writing by producer David Seiznick, Jennifer's hubby, who interfered throughout production, incessantly rewriting and reshooting. At one point he scrapped and re-shot the entire film at a cost of \$4 million (about \$11 million, if not more, in today's filmmaking market). After bad review reactions he added a new ending, the spectacular stereo-sound storm sequence, shot at an additional \$250,000. Beautiful Joe August cinematography, lovely William Dieterle direction. Could have easily been one of the top all-time classics but for certain flaws. Ethel Barrymore, Cecil Kellaway, Henry Hull, David Wayne, Lillian Gish.

POWER, THE (109 min—MGM, 1968). A major disappointment from George Pal, based on Frank M. Robinson's novel. Jumbled, confusing, rambling, seemingly silly screenplay is badly served by Byron Haskin's unimaginative direction. All the potential is there for a good and meaningful SF film, but producer Pal's foot seems to be stuck in the mid-50s door so far as adult approach is concerned. One near-brilliant moment (Aldo Ray's first ap-

pearance), but otherwise a botch, except for photography and Miklos Rosza's score. George Hamilton, Suzanne Pleshette, Richard Carlson, Michael Rennie, Arthur O'Connell. Color, Panavision.

PREHISTORIC WOMEN (74 min—UA, 1950). Inane bore set in 20,000 B.C. with scantily-clad (for the time) cavewomen on the prowl for husbands and encountering dinosaurs and the inevitable lust-crazed apeman on the way. Pretty lurid in its day, now just monotonous. Hard to believe Lionel Lindon shot this, which is technically about as accomplished as an episode of THE FLINTSTONES. Grunts courtesy of Laurette Luez, Allan Nixon, Mara Lynn. Dir. Gregg Tallas. Color.

PRESSURE POINT (91 min—UA, 1962). Hubert Cornfield, one of the more offbeat minor directors, brings a nice visual sense to this very pat but well acted Stanley Kramer production about a young American Nazi and the black psychiatrist who tries to get inside his mind. Nice fantasy sequences. Sidney Poitier, Bobby Darin, Carl Benton Reid, Peter Falk.

PREVIEW MURDER MYSTERY, THE (80 min—Par., 1938). Lovely grade-B gem with studio publicity director Reginald Denny unmasking a killer in a movie studio, directed with great economy and marvelous atmospherics by Robert Florey (MURDERS IN THE RUE MORGUE). Includes great horror

to kill Trintignant and take over the chicken business. Subplot has radioactivity creating headless, wingless chicken mutants. Watch for cuts. Dir. Giulio Questi. Color.

POINT OF TERROR (88 min—Crown Int'l., 1971). Actor Alex Nicol directed this grade-C Crown-Int'l. special in which nasty rock musician Peter Carpenter kills his way to a sexier love life. Minus nudity and violence for tv, this will be even crummier. "Twist" ending worked better in INVADERS FROM MARS. Dyan Thorne, Lory Hansen, Paula Mitchell. Color.

PORT SINISTER (65 min—RKO, 1953). Submerged pirate island emerges from sea four times in 200 years. We missed the first three, but this time treasure hunters encounter giant lobsters. Minor corn has little distinction other than leading man's name—it's James Warren (of course, not the James Warren). Lynn Roberts, Paul Cavanaugh, William Schallert. Dir. Harold Daniels. Re-issued as BEAST FROM PARADISE ISLE.

PORTRAIT IN TERROR (74 min—AIP, 1965). This is complicated, so pay attention. When BLOOD BATH was released in 1966 it unevenness was baffling. Parts were quite striking, but most of it was terrible. Now it can be told. Producer Roger Corman bought up an uncompleted foreign film featuring Patrick Magee from which he took pieces that, combined with new footage shot by Jack Hill and Stephanie Rothman, formed the core of BLOOD BATH. The leftovers, it seems, were stitched together into this incoherent semi-horror pic which seems to have no story whatsoever and appears to be composed almost exclusively of

pearance), but otherwise a botch, except for photography and Miklos Rosza's score. George Hamilton, Suzanne Pleshette, Richard Carlson, Michael Rennie, Arthur O'Connell. Color, Panavision.

PREHISTORIC WOMEN (95 min—Fox, 1966). One of the most incredible Hammer projects ever (from its lackluster 7 Arts days) has the stupendous Martine Beswick as the leader of a bunch of bosomy jungle girls who subjugate men in a lost African kingdom where time has stopped. Plenty of semi-nude British starlets and heavyhanded phallic symbolism can't keep Martine from stealing what there is of the pic to steal, coming through as sexy and imperious as ever. Watch for hilarious civil rights symbolism when jungle babes wed white rhino (actually African native wearing two-foot-long tusk on nose). Pic is so unbelievably bad it wasn't released in England until two years after completion, in 74-minute version titled SLAVE GIRL. Carol White, Edina Ronay, Michael Latimer. Dir. Michael Carreras (who else?). Color, Panavision.

PREMATURE BURIAL, THE (82 min—AIP, 1962). Corman's third Poe pic and first with-

America that trenchantly captures the absurdity of life in that glorious decade. Political aspects seems almost documentary in these days of federal chicanery and stolen tapes. All the more arresting because director-screenwriter Theodore J. Flicker's inept subsequent efforts have never fulfilled the promise shown here. Beware especially a prolonged sequence in which Coburn first meets girlfriend Joan Delaney and gets mixed up with underground filmmakers—obvious and poorly written, these bits were wisely left out of the theatrical version but have been rescued from the cutting room floor and inserted into the tv version to cover for the numerous excisions of violence, dialogue and satire. Try to catch it at a revival house. Good humored performances from Severn Darden, Godfrey Cambridge, Edward Franz, Pat Harrington and Walter Burke in his greatest role as Henry Lux, midget-sized head of the FBR whose agents are all even shorter than he is. Color, Panavision.

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film parody. Frances Drake, Gail Patrick, Rod LaRoque, Conway Tearle.

PRIVATE EYES (64 min—AA, 1953).

Huntz Hall develops mind-reading powers and foils a gang of fur thieves in another grade-C entry directed with monumental disinterest by Edward Bernds, who also co-scripted. Bernds' name on anything means go out for a walk. We hope Huntz doesn't read your mind while you're watching. Leo Gorcey, Joyce Holden, Robert Osterloh.

PRIVATE LIFE OF SHERLOCK HOLMES, THE (125 min—UA, 1970). Billy Wilder's elegiac comedy presents a rather effete, cocaine-addict Holmes (Robert Stephens) and charming plot about a supposed Loch Ness Monster, but the pacing will seem funereal to Rathbone-Bruce devotees. Even so, meticulous production, witty script (Wilder and I.A.L. Diamond) and good supporting cast (including excellent performance by Chris Lee, sans hairpiece, as Sherlock's brother Mycroft) make it fun for those who can dig the approach. Colin Blakely, unfortunately, is all wrong as Watson; Thorley Walters should have played it. Score by Miklos Rosza. Genevieve Page, Irene Handl, Stanley Holloway, Clive Revill, Catherine Lacey. Color. Panavision.

PRIVATE LIVES OF ADAM AND EVE, THE (87 min—Univ., 1960). Not exactly a must-see (since few people in the civilized world have been able to make it through to the end), but with direction credited to both Mickey Rooney and Albert Zugsmith (affectionately known as "Zug" to his legions of fans), it's worth a look if only for its status as a sort of dry run for Zug's masterpiece, the astounding CONFESSIONS OF AN OPIUM EATER, in



who's got to get to Egypt for a "special" finding, but never gets there because of numerous obstacles (many of which are supposed to be hilarious but simply aren't). Many of Lloyd's old plot-lines re-used, especially slight occult gimmick about a so-called Egyptian scarab that turns him from mild misquetoast into a cut-rate superman. Interesting time-waster but awfully dated. Dir. Elliot Nugent. William Frawley, Lionel Stander, Phyllis Welch, Raymond Watburn.

PROJECT MOONBASE (63 min—Lippert, 1953). We can only assume that Robert A. Heinlein's co-scripting credit is a case of "in name only" so far as this incredibly static sci-fi programmer about establishment of tv facilities on the moon is concerned. Richard Talmadge directs in a style best suited to early 50s tv. Monsters would have helped, but this, alas, is a "scientific" effort. Donna Martell, Hayden Rorke, Ross Ford. Color.

PROJECT X (97 min—Par., 1968). Plot of this William Castle sci-fi fantasy is neat enough to make us wish his approach were a little less obvious (in fact this looks like it was made with tv in mind). Secret agent Christopher George, circa 2118, is in the know about a Sino-Asian secret weapon, so scientists outfit him with a new personality as a citizen of the 1960s. In a facsimile of 60s environment they make him think he's a robber hiding out in a farmhouse with his gang (actually the scientists). Doesn't work, quite, but offbeat enough to merit a look. "Psychedelic effects" by Hanna-Barbera. Greta Baldwin, Henry Jones, Monte Markham, Harold Gould, Keye Luke. Color.

PROJECTED MAN, THE (77 min—Univ., 1967). Scientist trying to project/teleport himself around ala THE FLY has an accident, emerges as disfigured monster. So what else is new? Okay makeup and abrupt climax add up to watchable but unstriking British programmer. Mary Peach, Bryant Halliday, Norman Wooland, Robert Allen. Dir. Ian Curties. Color.

PROBE (100 min—WB-TV, 1971). Feature-length tv pilot for short-lived "Search" series has novel, if desperate, gimmick: futuristic detective hero Hugh O'Brian has implants which enable his every move to be monitored and sometimes controlled by team at science center. Format slightly similar to "Time Tunnel" series; otherwise it's routine tv stuff about gem robbery with nice Burgess Meredith-type performance by Burgess Meredith. Elke Sommer, John Gielgud (?), Angel Tomkins. Dir. Russ Mayberry. Color.

PROJECTIONIST, THE (88 min—Maron, 1971). Harry Hurwitz' comic look at film buff fantasies of New York movie projectionist Chuck McCann is occasionally inspired in its juxtapositioning of old film clips, but the live-action stuff is uncertainly managed, and McCann's endless dreams of himself as a costumed superhero are repetitious to the point of boredom. When good, this is hilarious (check the commercial for the Judeo-Christian Good Guy Kit delivered by impeccably seedy Robert Staats, for example), but when it's bad—which is about half the time—it's nearly unbearable. Some more reshooting, though, and refining could have yielded a buff classic. Hurwitz has talent, though, and his later work on RICHARD WAS MUCH BETTER. Ina Balin, Rodney Dangerfield. Color.

PSYCH-OUT (88 min—AIP, 1968). One of the pics, along with THE SAVAGE SEVEN, that caused people to think director Richard Rush would emerge as a major talent—a notion which GETTING STRAIGHT cured rather decisively. Rush simply cannot stage action convincingly, a weakness hidden fairly well by Laszlo Kovacs' dreamy telephoto cinematography. All this one has to recommend it these days are nostalgia values and some very naturalistic and funny, if stoned, performances by Jack Nicholson, Adam Roarke, Max Julien and Dean Stockwell. Susan Strasberg is deaf girl searching Haight-Ashbury for her crazy hairy brother (Bruce Dern, looking like a homage to Meteor Monster). Drug-fantasy sequences are embarrassingly literal. Interesting sidelight is cast presence of later directors Robert Kelljan (COUNT YORGA) and Henry Jaglom (A SAFE PLACE) as well as earliest



Opposite page, left to right: THE PHANTOM CREEPS—PLAGUE OF THE ZOMBIES—THE PHAROAH'S CURSE—Christopher George in PROJECT X—Above: THE PRESIDENT'S ANALYST—PREHISTORIC WOMAN. Below:

indications of Nicholson's hitherto well-hidden talent. AIP cutting from 101 minute length jumbles the plot and renders the climax unintelligible. Color.

PSYCHO (109 min—Par., 1960). A masterpiece; perhaps Alfred Hitchcock's truest "pure" horror film, adapted from Robert Bloch's novel (see CoF no.16). Not only is it Hitch's most profitable production but,



which his usual vulgarity and non-style mingle in a once-in-a-lifetime combination to produce a true piece of pop poetry, a concoction so artless as to become its own definition of art. Honest. But we're supposed to be talking about ADAM & EVE, aren't we? Bizarre cast dreams it's back in the Garden of Eden in a series of flat-footed color fantasy segs which make the b/w modern scenes seem award-worthy in comparison. Mickey Rooney, Mamie Van Doren, Tuesday Weld, Martin Milner, Mel Tormé, Fay Spain, Cecil Kellaway, Paul Anka.

PRIVILEGE (103 min—Univ., 1967). After THE WAR GAME, Peter Watkins turned his futuristic vision to the pop scene with this unmitigated disaster. It begins very perceptively with a sadistic "bondage" rock number that effectively presaged today's Alice Cooper movement, but fails totally in presentation of pop star manipulated into nationalistic puppet by conformist-minded political forces. Watkins' "TV verite" style draws vacuous performance from Paul Jones in the lead and blatant narration and dialogue hit you over the head with message values. He also steals shamelessly from the Canadian Paul Anka documentary LONELY BOY. WILD IN THE STREETS, no bargain itself, was more intelligent treatment of the subject. Beautiful photography by Peter Suschitzky. Jean Shrimpton, Mark London, Max Bacon. Color.

PROFESSOR BEWARE (93 min—Par., 1938). Fine supporting cast and potentialities a-plenty are thrown away in one of Harold Lloyd's final filmic excursions. Lots of Lloyd's usual, inimitable bumbling, fuddy-duddy routines involving him as eccentric archaeology prof'

beyond any doubt, has eclipsed anything he ever directed for sheer popularity and cultism. As with JAMAICA INN and THE WRONG MAN, it's not "typically" Hitchcockian, yet bears his unmistakable, personal blend of genius. Roddy McDowall (who's succeeded cornering a large chunk of the Dwight Frye-Peter Lorre market in the 1960s-70s) might've proved better in Tony Perkins' twitch role. Suffice it that Perkins is unforgettable as the complex, fiendish motel owner-in-drag who harbors the weirdest Oedipus complex filmed. Many have found (or imagined) heavy sex symbolism in Janet Leigh's car tunnel and shower sequence personifying intercourse/sado-masochistic rape, Perkins' pathology/mother fixation representing the wholesale castration of the American male from cradle-to-grave (in fact, so far ahead of Men's Lib that it hasn't been invented yet). In the SFantasy genre few films match with PSYCHO's symbolic power (though many have tried) except for a small handful like BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN—many still consider Karloff's Christ-like martyrdom/crucifixion heavy, even sacrilegious; or Bergman's trick-filled, mind-bending masterpiece, THE MAGICIAN. Many otherwise competent directors tried imitating PSYCHO, creating creditable, even interesting material (e.g. Castle's HOMICIDAL); apparently Hitch broke the original, one-and-only mould. Vera Miles, John Gavin, Martin Balsam, John McIntire, Patricia Hitchcock.



PSYCHOMANIA (92 min—Victoria, 1963). Crazy killer stalks a girls' school in generally blah B picture with a few passable though crude horror sequences; fairly unpredictable windup. Directed in Connecticut by Richard Hilliard, who went on to do the too-well remembered HORROR OF PARTY BEACH. Shepherd Strudwick, Lee Phillips, Jean Hale, James Farentino, Dick Van Patten. Also titled VIOLENT MIDNIGHT.

PSYCHO CIRCUS (83 min—AIP, 1965). This engaging German-British circus potboiler made it to US tv under original title CIRCUS OF FEAR before theatrical dates in a 65 minute b/w version. London inspector Leo Genn tries to unravel armored car robbery in winter quarters of circus full of suspicious characters from various international B-films. Corny, but director John Moxey keeps it alive, and at its best it has the verve of the better Edgar Wallace pictures. Chris Lee, Margaret Lee, Klaus Kinski, Heinz Drache, Suzy Kendall, Skip Martin, Victor Maddern, Eddi Arent, Anthony Newlands, Cecil Parker. Color.

PSYCHOPATH, THE (98 min—Amicus/Par., 1966). Somewhat thin but better than average shocker, made in England. Contrived Robert Bloch script has inspector Patrick Wymark investigating gruesome series of murders with doll-likeness of victims left near bodies. Benefits from good performances, excellent direction by Freddie Francis, nice photography. Judy Huxtable, Alexander Knox, Thorley Walters, Margaret Johnston. Color.

PUFNSTUF (98 min—Univ., 1970).

Combining live actors with puppets created by Rolf Roediger, Evanda Leper and Troy Barrett, this economical film version of the Krofft Bros. kiddie tv show has surface aspects of a hallucinogenic drug allegory, probably not intentionally. Jack Wild is taken on "trip" to Living Island, populated by a grotesque array of live inanimate objects and puppet creatures so strange that only their gregarious slapstick antics keep pic from taking on a decidedly horrific tone. Too much singing, but Martha Raye exhibits expert timing in poorly written witch role. Optical effects are held to a surprising minimum. Billie Hayes, Angelo Rossito (remember?). Dir. Hollingsworth Morse. Color.

PYRO: The Thing Without a Face (99 min—AIP, 1963). Not badly produced but somewhat disappointing Spanish-based suspenser (thinly similar to Hammer's PHANTOM OF THE OPERA) has love crazed Martha Hyer burning down Barry Sullivan's home. Trying to save his wife and child, Barry's given up for dead. Donning excellent life-like mask to cover his horrible disfigurement (it even looks a lot like Barry), he returns to hunt down and avenge himself against Martha. Similar idea, sans arson, better handled in PLAY MISTY FOR ME. Fernando Hillbeck, Sherry Moreland. Dir. Julio Coll. Color.

ADDENDA

PANTHER GIRL OF THE KONGO (12 chapters—Rep., 1955). Released in 1966 feature film form as THE CLAW MONSTERS. Serials were going rapidly downhill in the 50s, and this could be the best example. Bonkers scientist tries protecting valuable diamond mine and secrets, using superstitious natives, overblown crawfish and 3rd rate director Franklyn Adreon's ample stock footage. Quite awful. Phyllis Coates, Myron Healey, Arthur Space.

PASSPORT TO PIMLICO (72 min—Eagle-Lion, 1949). London residents turn tables against the Establishment and give the System a hard time when they discover document (in basement ruins) that can legally turn their community into a Duchy of Burgundy. In the best tradition of British humor and, alas, a style too long absent from the screen. Fine score by Georges Auric. Stanley Holloway, Hermione Baddeley, Margaret Rutherford, Sidney Taffler, Betty Warren, Raymond Huntley. Dir. Henry Cornelius (GENEVIEVE).

PERILS OF PAULINE, THE (96 min—Par., 1947). Not to be confused with the tedious, plastic 1967 remake (and absent from tv screens a long time), it's being re-released for tv again, and it's amazing that none of the standard "movie guide" paperbacks list it. More than just another movie about H'wood, it's a charmingly produced semi-fictionalization of Pearl White's rise as a star and Queen of the Serials. Corny dialogue and sequences are not obtrusive, if anything almost salient in recapturing atmosphere and some of the lovely hokieness of early filmmaking days. Betty Hutton as Pearl is ideal casting. John Lund, Billy DeWolfe, William Demarest. Dir. George Marshall. Color.

PHANTOM, THE (15 chapters—Col., 1943). Quite slim on SFantasy, but rich and heavy on knockabout, fast-moving action, replete with top villains, stooges, henchman (and many familiar B- and C-film stock players), and of course an abundance of natives in awe of Tom Tyler as The Phantom, "the ghost who never dies." Based upon the famous Lee Falk comic strip. Kenneth MacDonald, Frank Shannon, Jeanne Bates, Ace the Wonder Dog, Guy Kingsford, Ernie Adams, John Bagni. Dir. B. Reeves Eason (mostly a B-filmmaker whose only great work seems to have been as the 2nd unit dir. who shot all the great scenes for the famous 1927 BEN HUR chariot race sequence).

PHANTOM CREEPS, THE (12 chapters—Univ., 1939). Great cast manages to keep everything alive and interesting, even when chintzy sets and even chintzier comicstrip plot would tend to turn anyone over 10 years old away. Hilarious-looking evil robot (who'd make even the Tin Woodsman seem menacing) is manipulated by evil scientist Bela to foil govt., good guys, along with other hokey sci-

fi elements. Victims in tale fall into suspended animation because of meteorite's secret chemical power, etc., etc. Bela Lugosi steals lots of juicy scenes, along with Edward Van Sloan and Roy Barcroft. Robert Kent, Eddie Acuff, Regis Toomey, Charles King, Willard Parker. Dir. Saul Goodkind, Ford Beebe (FLASH GORDON GOES TO MARS).

PHANTOM EMPIRE, THE (12 chapters—Mascot, 1935). Overrated serial, trying to cash in the next year on FLASH GORDON. Idea of Gene Autry and Western locales à la FLASH doesn't work well, especially since the whole script is poor, with weak supporting cast not helping much. Lost civilization is found underneath huge, sprawling Texas ranch by hero Gene. Seen in one evening, it can be pretty dangerously mind-crogling; lost city sequences, though, are often interesting when not too boring. Frankie Darro, Smiley Burnette. Dir. B. Reeves Eason, Otto Brower.

PHANTOM OF THE OPERETTA, THE (70 min—Belgrano, 1955). Argentine-made spoof of horror films, taking in various elements, including a Frankenstein-like monster, vampire, and other little ghastlies. Amelita Vargas, Alfredo Barbieri. Dir. Enrique Carreras.

PHANTOM RAIDERS (70 min—MGM, 1940). Also released as NICK CARTER IN PANAMA. Fast-action, fun spy and sci-fi stuff (even if plot was a bit dated even for that year). Diabolical radio device controls bombs by remote control: seen ship, sank same. Mostly interesting from standpoint of excellent cast and chance to note development of style in one of the first films directed by the great Jacques Tourneur (CAT PEOPLE, I WALKED WITH A ZOMBIE, CURSE OF THE DEMON). Walter Pidgeon, Joseph Schildkraut, John Carroll, Donald Meek, Nat Pendleton, Dwight Frye, Cecil Kellaway, Steffi Duna, Florence Rice.

PLACE OF ONE'S OWN, A (79 min—Eagle-Lion, 1945). Originally a cinematographer for some fine British films (especially THE THIRTY-NINE STEPS), Bernard Knowles proved an uneven but sometimes gifted director. Good atmospheric spooker, made at the height of 40s British filmmaking, about girl who becomes possessed by evil ghost. Great cast: James Mason, Ernest Thesiger, Margaret Lockwood, Dulcie Gray, Dennis Price, Moore Marriott, Helen Hays.

PLANET ON THE PROWL (101 min—Mercury/Manley, 1965). Running time may vary under alternate release titles and on tv: OPERATION: WANDERING PLANET, WAR BETWEEN THE PLANETS. Confusing things a bit more, Italian-based film is directed by Anthony Dawson, pen-name/alias of Antonio Margheriti, former actor (still does some roles). That ain't all! There is yet a real Anthony Dawson, a well-known British character actor (probably best known as the man hired to kill Grace Kelly in DIAL M FOR MURDER). Weak tea sci-fi: meandering planet way out in space causes terrestrial tidal waves, chaos in cities, panic in streets, panic in year zero, etc. Should've been a Japanese pic starring Godzilla. Giacomo Rossi Stuart, Peter Martell, Archie Savage, Ombretta Colli.

PLAYGIRLS AND THE VAMPIRE, THE (85 min—Fanfare/Gordon, 1960). Italian-made cornball (took over 3 years to reach US), starring Walter Brand as twin brothers, one of them embarrassing 'cause he's a vampire and chases showgirls staying in his brother's castle. Many fun moments though. Worthy timewaster. Lyla Rocco, Maria Giovannini, Alfredo Rizzo Tilde Damiani. Dir. Piero Regnoli.

PLAYTIME (145 min—Specta-Prod., 1966). Very little is known about this highly intriguing film, except it may have appeared three days in US. Story has something to do with people in glass houses, living somewhere-in-the-future. Obviously sci-fi comedy, directed by French comedy genius, the unprolific but inimitable Jacques Tati (MON ONCLE, HULOT'S HOLIDAY). Credits also name Art Buchwald responsible for English dialogue. Starring Jacques Tati, Barbara Dennek, Yves Barsacq. Color.

PLEASE DON'T FIRE THE CANNON (106 min—Nike [Ital.-Span.], 1965). Comedy overtones struggle successfully against dated,

weak sci-fi-ish undertones. Someone's invented an anti-missile scrambler that throws them off course, hitting wrong targets. Fails because none of them hit the studio. Frank Wolff, Rossella Como, Gerard Landry. Dir. Mario Caiano. Color.

POCOMANIA (65 min—Lenwal, 1939). Early part-Negro horror film, starring black actress Nina Mae McKinney (star of many early black theatre and film productions). Nefarious female puts diabolical voodoo practices to use to take over large Jamaican plantation. Interesting but dated; reminiscent of *WHITE ZOMBIE*. Dir. Arthur Leonard. Jck Carter, Ida James.

POISON AFFAIR, THE (110 min—Franco-Lond [French], 1955). The late Henri Decoin, importantly involved with French film production since the 20s, created this badly distributed melange of the outre and occult. Devil worshippers, black mass, sado-masochism and something for parapsychology buffs, all interwoven with care into atmospheric, gripping fantasy-horror. Danielle Darrieux, Anne Vernon, Viviane Romance, Albert Remy, Paul Meurisse. Color.

POPDOWN (54 min—New Realm, 1969). More of that aliens-from-far-away game, and their strange reasons for observing life on Earth. British made, perhaps; more needed. Cast's names sound weirder: Zoot Money (we kid you not), Richard LeClare. And to balance it out, Diane Keen, Jane Bates. Dir. Fred Marshall. Color.

THE DOLL (*La Poupée*—100 min—Procinex, 1962). Very offbeat French surrealist comedy-drama, starring Sonne Teal who doubles as the heroine and her scientifically created doll-double. Responsible for all the fun and madness is a mad scientist who discovered means of duplicating anything. Poland's wonderful Brando-James Dean-like and late Zbigniew Cybulski (*ASHES AND DIAMONDS*, *SARGASSO MANUSCRIPT*) stars. Catherine Millinaire. Dir. Jacques Baratier. Color, Scope.

POWER OF THE WHISTLER (66 min—Col., 1945). Fortune teller's cards predict death for amnesiac homicidal killer Richard Dix. One of the eight highly acclaimed, well-made B-budget Whistler films (based on the hit radio series), scripted by such talents as Cornell Woolrich, several directed by William Castle. Lew Landers (*THE RAVEN*, *RETURN OF THE VAMPIRE*) directed this one. John Abbott, Janis Carter, Tala Birell (remember her in *THE MONSTER MAKER?*), Jeff Donnell.

THE PRIEST AND THE BEAUTY (80 min—Dalei, 1960). Lightning hits priest; on regaining consciousness, he witnesses startling phenomenon as beautiful woman dives into water and is transfigured into a hideous snake. Film so far unreleased to general US market. Dir. Koji Shima. Raizo Ichikawa, Ayako Wakao, Yoko Uraji. Color.

PRINCE OF SPACE, THE (121 min—Toei, 1959). Unreleased so far to general US markets. Sort of Samurai saga in space as Space Prince does a Flash Gordon, fighting against weird enemy aliens and others threatening Japanese equanimity and the terri yaki industry, or something like that. Dir. Eljiro Wakabayashi. Tatsu-ya Umemiya, Ushio Skashi and an all-star cast. Color.

PROFESSOR CREEEPS (63 min—Dixie Intn'l., 1942). Early Black exploitation comedy-horror, in an Amos N' Andy vein and understandably but unfortunately suppressed. Stars the wonderful Mantan Moreland as a partner in down-and-out detective agency, while pretty secretary Margaret Whitton uses tricks and disguises to fight off creditors. While partner is out hocking banjo one day, Mantan has weird dream about helress whose boyfriend disappears mysteriously, involved is her uncle, a negro Lugosi, practicing black arts; a gorilla and typical but fun-filled spooky house stuff. Dir. William Beaudine.

PURPLE MONSTER STRIKES, THE (15 chapters—Rep., 1945). Cut-down and less tedious, but still mediocre, feature version released as *D-DAY ON MARS*. Let all who dare laff at the Purple Monster's ridiculous mask and garb quake in their boots and be warned they may watch the whole damned serial in one sitting. It's that kind of stuff. Aliens threaten to in-



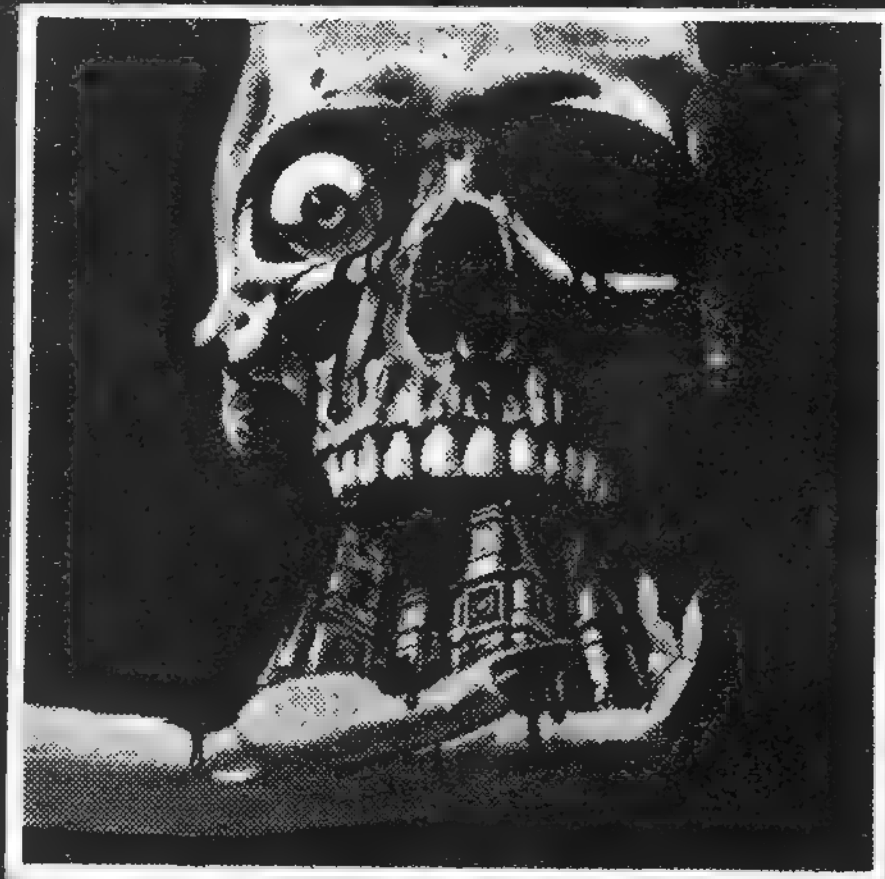
Opposite page: *PLANET OF BLOOD*—*PROJECT MOONBASE*—*THE PHANTOM EMPIRE*. (Below)



vade earth, but are defeated by Z budget sets, spcl fx (?) and Spencer Bennett/Fred Brannon's direction. One of the worst serials made. Dennis Moore, Linda Stirling, Roy Barcroft, James Craven, Bud Geary, Mary Moore.

PUSS IN BOOTS (90 min—Rodriguez, 1961). Even if original Mexican version was crude and unintentionally professional for several minutes, K. Gordon Murray US-dubbed edition (bombing out all over tv and special kiddie matinees that finally learned a lesson) raises claptrap to a new height. Many of these Mexican made kiddie films actually have interesting makeups and horrific enough ideas that could almost vie with *THE EXORCIST*, and can scare the bejabbers out of kiddies; all they require are professional directors. Dir. Roberto Rodriguez. Rafael Munoz, Humberto Dupeyron. Color.

THE LEGEND OF HELL HOUSE has caused some sensation since it surfaced to the screen many months ago (and now planned for re-release). Deemed by CoF as one of the more important SFantasy/horror entrees in the last few years, we now tackle it with not one or two, but with four (4) points of view of varying size and hues.



The Legend of **HELL HOUSE**

Regardless of the quality and quantity of all American International films that were produced under James H. Nicholson's imaginative leadership, for more than sixteen years, all his AIP features were but prologue to THE LEGEND OF HELL HOUSE. For, sadly, this is undoubtedly the best "ghost house" film yet made, rising superbly even above such heralded ghost-shocker classics as THE UNINVITED and THE HAUNTING. I say *sadly*, since this was the first and last production that would have been the first in a series of higher caliber SFantasy films produced by Nicholson for 20th Century Fox.

A HISTORY OF HAUNTS

Few films dealing with the supernatural have been very successful in conveying a sincere and frightening quality. In the last sixteen odd years, probably **CURSE OF THE DEMON** and **BURN WITCH, BURN** are among the landmarks; indeed, both are, at the very least, minor classics. The essence and embodiment of true evil in **DEMON** and **BURN WITCH** are, however, personified by very tangible and identifiable characters.

THE UNINVITED and **THE HAUNTING** are different—their evil "personae" are represented invisibly by malignant forces that control traditional Gothic-styled ghost houses.

In **UNINVITED**, two opposing spirits of the dead fight each other, one evil, the other good. The evil ghost tries to destroy an innocent young woman (Gay Russell) and all who stand in its way, but is finally exorcised by the girl's friends (Ray Milland and Ruth Hussey), with the invaluable aide of the good ghost. Filmed in 1944, the film was unusual for its time, containing some genuinely intriguing spook sequences.

In less than 20 years Robert Wise's **HAUNTING** went further, adding more fright appeal. Unlike most ghost films and **UNINVITED**, **HAUNTING**'s evil is the complete house itself—a giant, amorphous-like entity that has mysteriously claimed other lives, absorbing their spirits and integrating them forever as a part of its total, driving horror. But rather than innocent visitors as its ten-



Above: Mental medium Florene Tanner (Pamela Franklin) encounters terrifying psychic forces while in a trance. Below: Ben Fisher (Roddy McDowall), Ann Barrett (Gay Hunnicutt) and Dr. Chris Barrett (Clive Revill) are involved in a frightening moment in their unworldly investigation.

was a group of "ghost hunters" armed to crack the mystery. The evil house, though, is too formidable and seeks another soul for its terrible collection and, in the end, claims its victim, Julie Harris. The psychic investigators are defeated. One of them, Russ Tamblyn, a former non-believer and a militant scoffer, stands (at the finale) with his associates outside on the grounds surrounding the abominable place, and declares, "It should be burned down and all of it blown all over the ground."

HELL HOUSE

What author Matheson did was to integrate some of the best elements from the above into **HELL HOUSE**, with a slight, slick science fiction veneer. The adventure starts when wheezing and eccentric millionaire Roland Culver challenges a group of ghost hunters to investigate "the Mount Everest" of haunted houses. A worthy challenge, especially since one of them, Clive Revill, believes that his exotic, super-scientific equipment will root out and expose the spookiness. His colleagues will use their own particular occult and precognitive talents.

But as their investigation progresses the House's evil grows relentlessly. Its source is allegedly the spirit of a once very perverted person, a physical giant who in former life experimented deeply into dark and fearful practices. His spiritual power now appears harnessed to some mysterious and diabolical science of his own invention. As terror mounts, the evil spirit stands or, rather,





Paranoid Dr. Barrett (Oliver Reed) records medium Tanner's (Pamela Franklin) reactions while she is in a trance. Below: HELL HOUSE declares warfare upon its unwelcome visitors. Opposite page: Flo Tanner (Pamela Franklin) is viciously attacked by a strange black cat (the House's familiar).



spooks its way around, undaunted. All of Revill's sophisticated gadgetry is of no avail, and he dies horribly. When all of the surviving ghost hunters are in mortal danger, Roddy McDowall goes into one of the best screen tantrums of his career, and by some incomprehensible reasoning he solves the mystery of the House's awesome ghost: it's revealed that the creature was never a six foot-six giant but a disgusting fraud, "Probably even shorter than five feet-two... maybe even shorter," raves McDowall at the air. And, of course (as screen tradition has it), nothing seems more repulsive than a very short pervert, scurrying around, pulling off all his dirty tricks on everyone.

Proving his point, McDowall exposes a secret chamber where the fiend's body sits in a chair in a state of perfect preservation—and worse yet: in real life the fiend amputated his legs and replaced them with a set of remarkable artificial limbs to appear tall, stark and gruesome. Even more frightening: he looks like Michael Gough. The more you think about it as the seconds pass, the more you know it IS Michael Gough!

The film's final denouement is almost ambiguous enough to annoy—it concludes with an ominous close-up of the House's familiar, a cat, leaving one with the thought: maybe there'll be a Son of Hell House. Incongruities and flaws aside, HELL HOUSE is one of the best scary films in a long time. —CTB.



HELL HOUSE 2

THE LEGEND OF HELL HOUSE was adapted by fantasy great Richard Matheson from his superb novel, "Hell House." One would normally assume that the movie would be as great as the book, since a writer is expected to take special care with an adaptation of one of his own works. Unfortunately, this assumption is false in this instance.

Not that Matheson didn't spend time on his script. Like most of his work, his script for HELL HOUSE is both literate and entertaining. The film does suffer, however, when it is compared to the original novel. Matheson's book makes for extremely harrowing reading, piling shock upon shock, and leading to a suspenseful climax which is almost merciless in its creation of tension in the reader. The film cuts down on much of the novel's grue and emerges as a rather pallid outline of Matheson's own initial demoniac concept.

It is hard to determine on whose shoulders the blame must fall for the rather bland effect of the film. I can say with some certainty that HELL HOUSE suffers from an overabundance of good taste. Granted it's refreshing among today's horror films which abound with senseless, repulsive violence, to come upon a film which is mindful of its audience's sensitivities.

But HELL HOUSE overdoes the genteel approach and seems reluctant to shock moviegoers in the slightest degree! Thus, although Matheson's novel had the potential of being the grisliest shocker of the year, the film seems to be as dead as its ghosts due to a lack of scenes (with one exception) which can really be termed "horrifying."

The film's blandness is doubly reinforced when one compares its scenes to their equivalents in the novel. The novel plunges the reader into a universe of almost inconceivable evil as the author ghoulishly describes the depraved lifestyle of Emeric Belasco, whose bloodcrazed spirit roams Hell House seeking new victims. The film has Roddy McDowall tell of Belasco's perversion in about four or five sentences which imply more than they reveal.

The book has a shocking moment in which Florence Tanner offers her body to one of Hell House's ghosts and finds a leering, rotting corpse squatting on top of her. In the film, Pamela Franklin, after making love to the ghost, merely opens her eyes, looks into the camera and screams. The audience is left to imagine for itself what has terrified her.

Even the climax of the film is eclipsed by the one in the book. Matheson's novel has Fischer bravely confronting the ghost of Belasco who appears as an awesome six-foot-six demon with fangs! The same scene in the film reduces this ghastly apparition to a mere "wind" which howls through the house and buffets Roddy McDowall around.

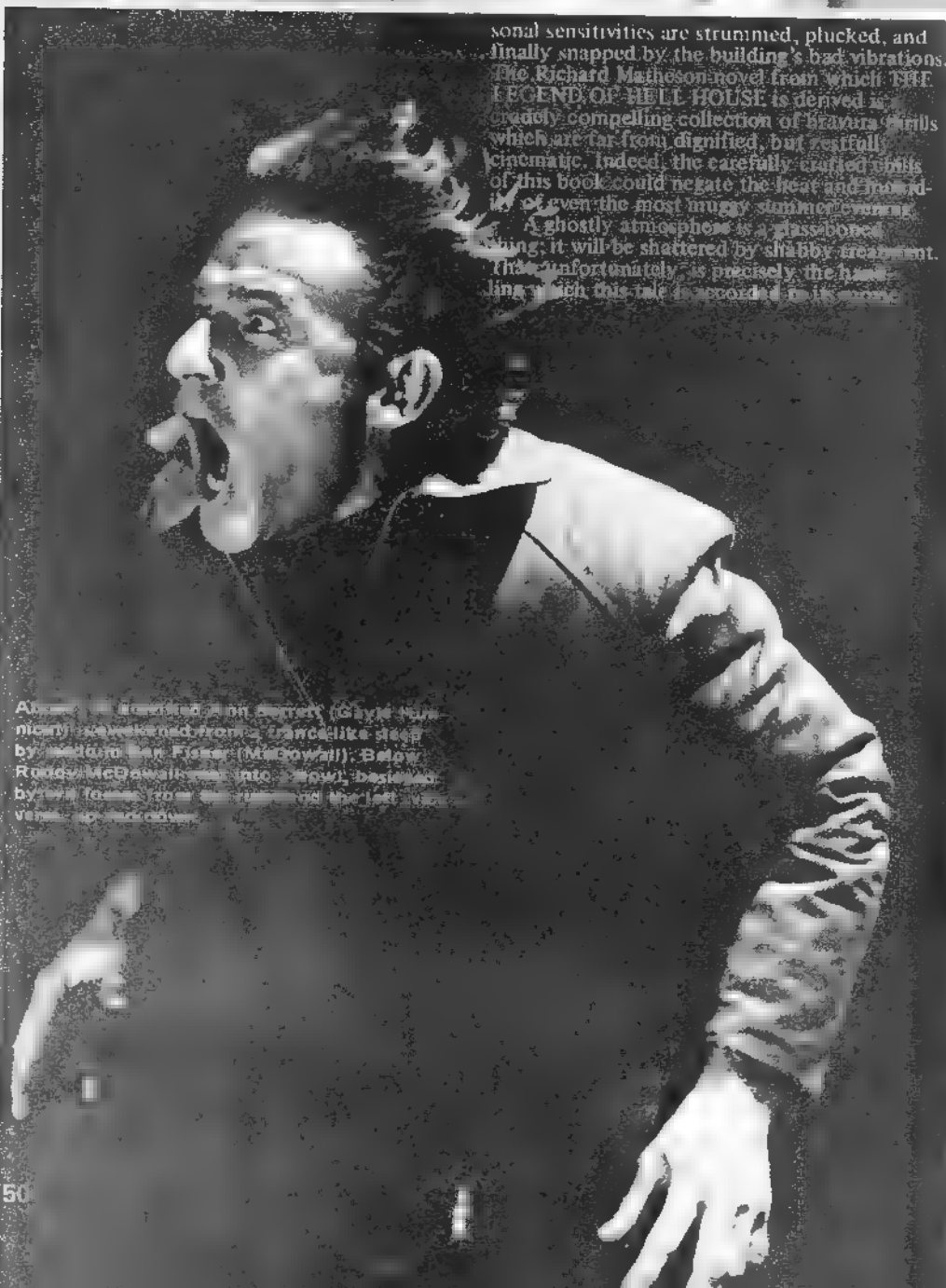
The sad thing about the film is that the principals' excellent acting, evocative sets, clever photography, and generally imaginative direction by John Hough are constantly driving home to the viewer the knowledge of what this film could have been.

If you haven't yet read the novel, you may enjoy the film. Certainly, it has an interesting story, a surprise ending in the best Matheson tradition, one memorable sequence (Pamela Franklin getting attacked by a murderous black cat), and, what's more, a climactic (and completely uncredited) cameo appearance by a talented horror star.

— Carmen Minchella —

HELL HOUSE 3

Of all horror film sub-genres, the haunted house tale is the most refined. Its most valent is the string quartet. four haunting individuals expose themselves to a habitation which is a sink of psychic residue; their per-



sonal sensitivities are strummed, plucked, and finally snapped by the building's bad vibrations. The Richard Matheson novel from which **THE LEGEND OF HELL HOUSE** is derived is a grandly compelling collection of bravura thrills which are far from dignified, but zestfully cinematic. Indeed, the carefully crafted thrills of this book could negate the heat and humidity of even the most muggy summer evening. A ghostly atmosphere is a glass-boned thing; it will be shattered by shabby treatment. That unfortunately is precisely the handling which this tale is accorded in its screen

incarnation. The film offers a flat, strangely lifeless production design, uninspired direction, cheap, hideous color processing, and a musically moronic electronic score. In his ill-advised eagerness for a PG rating, Matheson has supplied a screenplay which compromises his original story to the point of emasculation. For example, the devil possession of a pious evangelist (Pamela Franklin) is robbed of its considerable dramatic impact if the only foul language she's permitted to utter are a couple exclamations of "shit."

I respect the shorthand and condensation by which scenarist Matheson adroitly holds the film to a manageable length; however, I am nonetheless dismayed to consider all the worthwhile material he was forced to leave out. How are the performances? Miss Franklin is a diamond in the rough. Co-star Roddy McDowall overdoes. The film's sole surprise is a sly cameo by horror veteran Michael Gough as the corporeal husk of the ghost who's the culprit in this haunting.

— Paul Roen —

HELL HOUSE 4

Jim Nicholson's final production effort fittingly recalls the better days of AIP, although this British-made spooker suffers from the same flaws that tended to keep most AIP product from attaining classical levels.

Occult expert Clive Revill and wife Gayle Hunnicutt join mediums Pamela Franklin and Roddy McDowall in creepy mansion to investigate ghostly doings. They encounter poltergeists, horny ghosts and a nice unbilled surprise bit by a former AIP horror veteran. Amusing stuff benefits mostly from a concise situation, atmospheric visuals and a few neat shock sequences, making it lotsa fun until the let-down by ludicrous ending which nullifies and contradicts half the intriguing plot twists that came before—many of which seem senseless red herrings in retrospect (scripter Richard Matheson again turns one of his better novels into comparatively mundane screen fare). The biggest assist comes from director John Hough who continues to exhibit stylish flair.

— Joe Dante, Jr. —

Abraham is awakened from a trance-like sleep by medium Ben Fister (McDowall). Below: Roddy McDowall as the "evil" Ben Fister, beset by the forces of the unknown and the last vestige of sanity.

Talking to MIKLOS ROZSA

The following interview with composer Miklos Rozsa took place shortly before the general release of *THE GOLDEN VOYAGE OF SINBAD*, consequently the film is referred to under its originally scheduled title, *Sinbad's Golden Voyage*.

* * *

'I am very proud of *Ben-Hur*.'

It is not Charlton Heston the star speaking; neither is it William Wyler the director.

It is MIKLOS ROZSA, who composed the music.

'It took me nine months,' he told me, 'I think it is the longest score ever composed for a film. Film scores are much shorter today, there is much less background music. Films of the thirties and forties tended to be overwhelmed by music.'

Dr Rozsa's music is so perfectly integrated that we cannot imagine *Ben-Hur* without his Love Theme, his Procession To Calvary, his Parade of the Charioteers, his Christ Theme.

'Usually the composer is called in when the film is finished and being edited,' said Dr Rozsa, 'but I was fortunate to have been connected with *Ben-Hur* from its conception. I wrote most of it in Rome, often seeking inspiration on long weeks in and around the Eternal City, imagining the multitudes of long ago in the Circus Maximus where I wrote the music for the Circus and Victory Parades.

'I don't know what the children, who were playing football where once the great Circus stood, thought about the strange man striding up and down, beating time to his own humming and whistling and making notes in a little book.'

No doubt Miklos Rozsa was invited to compose *Ben-Hur* because of his previous musical excursions into Roman history. He wrote *Quo Vadis* eight years earlier in 1951, and *Julius Caesar* in 1953. *Quo Vadis*, in fact, began what he calls his 'historical period', a ten year stretch which included *Ivanhoe*, *Plymouth Adventure*, *All The Brothers Were Valiant*, *Knights Of The Round Table*, *King Of Kings* and *El Cid*.

TOP SCORER

'My composing life seems to have run in circles,' he said. 'In my early days I wrote the music for *The Four Feathers*, a picture which was set in the Sudan. For a time I then wrote for other pictures with more or less oriental backgrounds: *The Thief Of Baghdad*, *Jungle Book* (not the Disney cartoon), *Five Graves To Cairo*. Then I wrote *Spellbound*, which led me to *The Lost Weekend*. Then came *The Killers*, a gangster melodrama requiring a new kind of musical score, brutal, caustic, strident; and of course I became 'type cast' for a time on such tough pictures as *Brute Force*, *Naked City*, and *The Asphalt Jungle*. That was in the late forties, and the historical pictures followed in the late fifties.

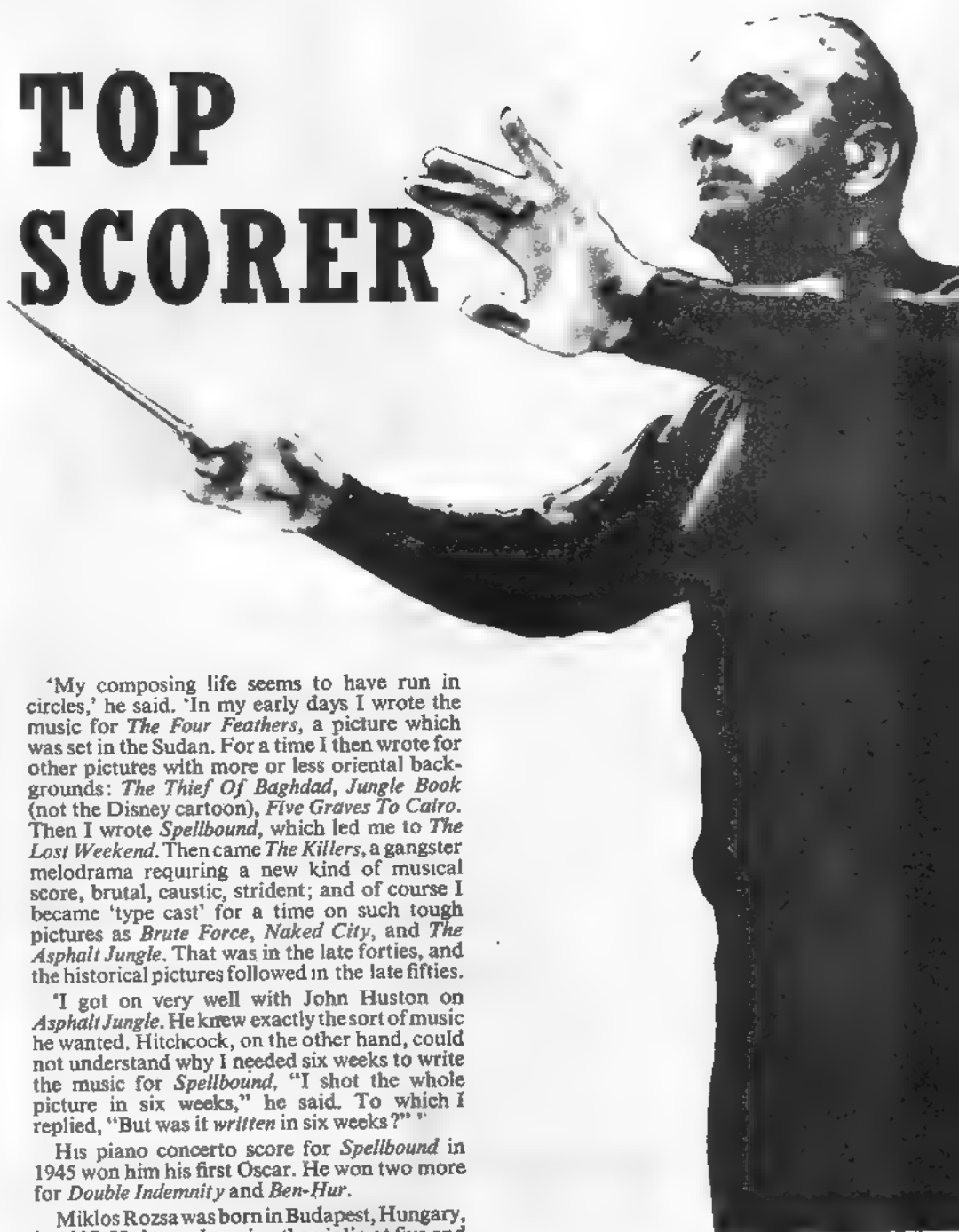
'I got on very well with John Huston on *Asphalt Jungle*. He knew exactly the sort of music he wanted. Hitchcock, on the other hand, could not understand why I needed six weeks to write the music for *Spellbound*. "I shot the whole picture in six weeks," he said. To which I replied, "But was it written in six weeks?"'

His piano concerto score for *Spellbound* in 1945 won him his first Oscar. He won two more for *Double Indemnity* and *Ben-Hur*.

Miklos Rozsa was born in Budapest, Hungary, in 1907. He began learning the violin at five and actually wrote a student march at seven. In his

twenties, when he'd had a few classical pieces performed, he was impressed by the music composed by Honnagar for the film *Les Miserables* and felt that here was a fascinating new musical field into which he might venture. Settling in London in 1936 he composed a ballet, *Hungaria*, which was seen by the director of a film called *Knight Without Armour* starring Robert Donat and Marlene Dietrich. Rozsa was asked to score the film and so began his 'hard-core' career with a stop watch in one hand, a pencil in the other, fitting the music in less than 90 movies.

We have heard nothing new from Miklos since *The Private Life Of Sherlock Holmes*, which he used his violin concerto, performed a few years earlier. But now he is writing the score for *Sinbad's Golden Voyage*. This subject



Highlights in the movie music life of MIKLOS ROZSA. Left: Receiving his Oscar for his *Spellbound* film score, 1945. Ginger Rogers made the presentation. Right: Composing the music for *Ben-Hur*, 1959. Our heading picture shows him conducting his music for *The Private Life Of Sherlock Holmes*, 1969.





Young Abu, the light-fingered urchin — Thief of Bagdad, finds it no hardship to live by his wits in the great Arab city.

Nevertheless there comes the day when Abu, caught red-handed, lies in jail awaiting execution. But the light-fingered urchin steals the key from the jailer and also releases from the dungeon the handsome Ahmad, likewise condemned to death, but no criminal. Ahmad is rightfully king of Bagdad, betrayed by his wicked Grand-Vizier, Jaffar. They hasten to the riverfront, seize a boat, and sail down the river to Basra.

Basra is ruled by an aged Sultan, who has an only daughter, the ravishingly lovely princess, to look upon whose face is punishable by death. Ahmad, defiant of the death penalty, raises his eyes to the beautiful damsel and is enraptured. Ahmad secretly visits the princess in her garden, vowing eternal love. She confesses love for him also.

This same day the aged Sultan has for his guest the Great Jaffar. In his dotage, the Sultan collects mechanical toys. Jaffar brings a gift — a life-size horse which flies with a rider on its back. The Sultan may have the horse in exchange for the hand of his lovely daughter. The dismayed Princess, overhearing, prepares for immediate flight. Disguised as a boy, she gallops off to the quay.

The servants, searching the grounds, discover Ahmad and Abu in the garden, and bring them before the Sultan and Jaffar. Ahmad challenges Jaffar to a fight. His answer to Ahmad is a magic curse, rendering him blind and changing Abu to a dog. He adds that not until he, Jaffar, holds the Princess in his arms will the spell be broken.

Weeks pass — months. The fugitive princess is brought back captive to Basra and sold at last to Jaffar. But his triumph is empty. The Princess, now his property, lies in a trance. Jaffar knows that only Ahmad, on whom she calls ceaselessly, has the power to awaken her.

which takes him back to his early film scoring days, to *The Thief Of Baghdad*, for example, which he composed in 1940. I, personally, am looking forward to *Sinbad*, for it has two top men in their respective fields working on it: Ray Harryhausen, supreme in special effects and monster making, and, of course, Miklos Rozsa, top scorer.

Norman Taylor

THE CAST

Jaffar
 Abu
 Princess
 Ahmad
 Djinni
 Sultan
 The Old King
 Halima
 The Merchant
 Astrologer
 Singer
 Jailer
 The Story-Teller

Conrad Veidt
 Sabu
 June Duprez
 John Justin
 Rex Ingram
 Miles Malleon
 Morton Selten
 Mary Morris
 Bruce Winston
 Hay Petrie
 Adelaide Hall
 Roy Emerton
 Allan Jeayes





Because of the following extensive reviews and space taken by several of this issue's special features, **FRANKENSTEIN AT LARGE** is temporarily omitting several of its usual sections. Critiques on books, comics, magazines and other subjects will be back in the next issue of CoF.

THE SPECTRE OF EDGAR ALLAN POE

Robert Walker Jr. (E.A. Poe), Cesar Romero (Dr. Grimaldi), Tom Drake (Adam Forrest), Carol Ohmart (Lisa), Mary Grover (Lenore), Mario Milano (Joseph), Frank Packard, Karen Hartford, and others. Cintel Prod./First Leisure Corp. (1972). Directed-produced by Mohy Quador, script by Mohy Quador from story treatment by Kenneth Hartford, Denton Fox, makeup/spcl fx by Byrd Holland. Color.

Now it can be told. If you've ever wondered about the dark secrets of Poe's mind (not revealed even in *The Loves of Edgar Allan Poe*) or the source of his inspiration—particularly the identity of Lenore—then this new epic from a curiously pseudonymous crew of filmmakers is for you. Recounted with peripatetic alfresco earnestness by Poe's pal (Tom Drake), it seems the events of a single night gave the French their favorite American author, AIP its boxoffice goldmine of the 60s and Vincent Price an assured income. But anyone with the slightest concern for the quality of what-he-pays-to-see will feel less than satisfied with what is probably the splicing together of two different scripts.

Lenore herself is seen mostly in supposedly lyrical slow motion, a large mane of hair floating up and down against garden greenery. The effect, unfortunately, is that of an anesthetized lioness trying to rid herself of fleas. After the lyrical bit, there's the teasing bit, the romping bit, the intra-lens reflection bit. Backed by the wail of a theme song in contemporary mode, it's strictly contemporary sentiment in contemporary sets—though, to be fair, it should be mentioned that the prop man has succeeded in finding a genuine glass doorknob which dates at least to Calvin Coolidge.

Lyrical gamboling, however, proves too much for the ill-colored sweetheart who collapses, apparently dead, in the arms of Poe, to be consigned prematurely into a coffin, from which she is saved only with mind blown and hair whitened.

The territory then becomes very familiar indeed: the asylum run by the criminally experimental doctor with the foreign name (Cesar Romero) and his apparently efficient but inwardly crazed assistant (Carol Ohmart), the deformed murderous monster, the torture chamber, the remarks like "What sick mind could have imagined this?", the nocturnal shufflings through conveniently lighted corridors, the crouching behind corners, the unidentified hand reaching from out of frame to

retrieve the deadly weapon, the heavies getting theirs at the scene of ultimate horror, in this case a snake pit filled with water and the protagonists in jeopardy on a raft in the middle. At that point, and earlier, when Lenore sags mysteriously in his arms, an embarrassed rather than terrified Poe mutters "Help!" It's hard not to interpret this as a plea for some speakable dialogue, let alone direction.

Our hero, we're told, was never the same again, but his experiences are unlikely to make an impact on anyone else. Purists may well object to the fact that no spectre ever appears; but with so much else to object to, it seems churlish to do so.

—Graham Bury

DRACULA VS. FRANKENSTEIN (El Hombre Que Vine Del Umno)

Michael Rennie (Dr. Odo Warnoff), Karin Dor (Maleva), Craig Hill (Henry Kirian), with Patty Sheppard, Paul Naschy, Peter Damon, Diana Sorel, and others. 81 min. Prades (Madrid)/Eichberg (Munich)/Intnl. Jaguar (Rome). (1971) Dir. Tulio Demichelli; prod. Jaime Prades. English version dir. by Peter Riethof; spcl fx, Antonio Molina. Color.

This ill-dubbed effort is hardly the first all-star monster rally, but let's hope it's the last. Increasing the threatened horrors to infinity seems to mean a corresponding decline to zero in inspiration. Incidentally, this is not to be confused with the U.S.-made *Dracula vs. Frankenstein*, which underwent several years of title changes before bursting upon the scene like a delayed time bomb in 1972. This European film has yet to reach American screens, and more than likely will go directly to TV, doubtless under another title.

Intelligent creatures from planet Umno plan a takeover of Earth by exploiting all those traditional figures which bring fear to mere mortals and joyous expectancy to horror film exhibitors the world over. But there will be little welcome extended from any film-going earthlings for this appallingly incoherent jumble of contrived confrontations. *Dracula*, *Frankenstein's monster*, the *Wolf Man*, the *Mummy*, the *Golem* (or their Spanish equivalents) go through cramped routines in laboratories or bedrooms. Come to think of it, the *Golem* never arrived—at least, not in the British version.

The monsters cancel one another out and in the end admit defeat. In taking over human (sort of) bodies, they're still left with a residue of human emotion, and what eventually proves their undoing is (could you have guessed?): Love. Michael Rennie, in what may sadly have been his last screen appearance, heads a talentless (or thoroughly frustrated)

cast. Here he is even re-voiced, probably posthumously, by another actor and thus deprived of one of his most effective assets—just as Nigel Green's dazzling mad hypnotist role, in the otherwise lackluster *Ruling Class*, was marred by posthumous dubbing.

Not that there's any attempt, as in *Day The Earth Stood Still*, to make use of Rennie's unique physique. Come back, Gort, all is forgiven. Watch the skies, anyway preferable to watching this. Even in a crowded field, it's a fair contender for worst film of the decade.

—Graham Bury

THE DAY OF THE DOLPHIN

Avco Embassy (Joseph E. Levine). 104 min; 1973. Dir. by Mike Nichols. Color.

Were it not for the exceptionally high hopes one usually associates with a movie teaming up star George C. Scott, director Mike Nichols and writer Buck Henry, *DOLPHIN* would be dismissed as a pretentious yet generally pleasing movie for unsophisticated general audiences—and that's exactly what it is: a sort of pseudo-Disney film for-matinee-and-the-family. Yet the remarkable thing is that it's being touted as much, much more. While it's quite in keeping with the prestigious talents involved, it's misleading to assume that more sophisticated fans will be happy for the experience. The fanciful plot (from Robert Merle's novel) has Scott as a research scientist who teaches his lovable dolphins (Pha and Bi) to speak English, a circumstance which renders the creatures less endearing and more precocious than their more dim-witted predecessor, Flipper. The mystery and enchantment surrounding these demonstrative mammals disappears somewhat when their thoughts are made clear in voices that approximate Jean Hagen's movie star squeak in *Singing In The Rain*. When mysterious "foreign" powers decide to use the dolphins to assassinate the President, the drama misses out on a golden opportunity for parody. But, unfortunately, the intent is for seriousness as the dolphins go back to nature, fully aware of what a rat man is and unworthy of their goodness. Nichols and Henry seem unaware that their dolphins were preceeded as Christ figures by a rock singer and a seagull named Jonatha, and that by now the analogy should be stale even for the hinterlands. Cinematography, visuals and color (William Fraker) are indeed marvelous, though, as is George Delerue's music score. Trish Van Devere plays Scott's wife, and Fritz Weaver is the villain.

—Jane Dean

THE LONG GOODBYE

United Artists—114 min—1973. Color. Elliot Gould has developed greatly, surpassing anything previously done, and proves to be excellent as Raymond Chandler's Philip Marlowe (a role essayed in the past by Bogart, Dick Powell and others). Director Robert Alt-



man *Images Brewster McClood M.A.S.H., The James Dean Story* — has placed Marlowe in the Seventies, gives him Morris the Cat for a pet, and confronts him with a Seventies type psycho, a type not around, or in vogue, when Chandler wrote the original novel. It's a good idea. And it's a good film. But the initial audience reaction was negative, or so it seemed. And since UA is making all the money it'll ever need from the Bond movies anyway, it withdrew the film after a few short runs in some cities; and in customary UA wisdom, it was thrown away — only to play to packed houses in several cult house revivals recently. Here's hoping you get to see it the way Altman made it. Certainly the original ad art was no asset — it shows Marlowe's cat as a vicious animal, exactly the opposite of the way it appears (and steals scenes) in the film. Former ball-player (now CBS-TV sportscaster), boyish-looking, amiable Jim Bouton is surprisingly good in his important role. Screenplay by s-f author Leigh Brackett (Mrs. Edmond Hamilton) who worked on the screenplay of Chandler's *Big Sleep* in 1946. With Baroness Nina van Pallandt, Sterling Hayden, Henry Gibson (ex-*"Laugh-In"* stooge who comes off great in his first dramatic role).

— Marion Fox

CHILD'S PLAY

Paramount; 100 minutes. 1972. Color

This is the sort of horror film which seems impeccably reasonable as it unfolds, but dissolves into hopeless incoherence when examined in retrospect. The plot, which should thoroughly traumatize any novice teacher, describes the sinister "accidents" which befall the student body of a Catholic boys' school where two rival instructors propound sharply contrasting educational philosophies. Robert Preston is the faculty liberal, a hail-fellow-well-met type beloved by his pupils. James Mason is an old-fashioned disciplinarian who presides over a fuddy-duddy Latin course and assigns scads of homework. Which of them is secretly propelling the academy toward anarchy? Who will be the victor to control the minds of children? The answers are insufficiently difficult to baffle whodunit fans, who should know by now that the culprit is always the one made to look the least suspicious. Perhaps it would be more relevant to ask which is the better actor. The scary moments in this blood-and-thunder version of *Goodbye Mr. Chips* are monotonously heralded with organ music and the booming pronouncements of a threatening bass choir. The script irresponsibly implies that the repression and sexual unwholesomeness of a parochial boarding school will transform normal adolescents into murderous robots wanting only an appropriate programmer. The movie should by rights have been lensed in black and white; the color processing is ghastly, particularly the flesh tones, which seem better suited to fish than to humans. In all fairness, however, it should be specified that the protagonists don't get as much sunlight as they should.

— Paul Roen

CODE NAME TRIXIE

Cambist, 103 minutes. 1973. Color.

Director George Romero displays a knack for formulating paranoid hypotheses. In his *Night of the Living Dead* a horde of resuscitated corpses stalk, murder, and devour all of us normal mortals. Now, in *CODE NAME TRIXIE* (formerly known as *The Crazies*), he has eschewed the supernatural in favor of the grimly probable. A bacteriological weapon finds its way into the water supply of a small rural community, thereby infecting the townspeople with a virus that reduces them to a mob of raving maniacs. The Pentagon is somewhere at the root of this mess; the Army is called in to keep the lid on it. They take typically brutal action, but this film is not simply an anti-military document. A fair share of the soldiers are decent people, while many of the supposedly sane townsfolk are obdurate, interfering meatheads. In any case, liberal and conservative audiences alike will concur that a crisis of such magnitude warrants extreme measures; the epidemic must above all be contained. Yet *TRIXIE* is too incoherent to succeed as a suspense shocker, in fact, it becomes difficult to determine who's supposed to be crazy and who isn't. Unlike the ghouls of *Living Dead*, not all of these maniacs are homicidal. Neither does the film carry significant political impact (despite undeniable relevance, such as the matter of asbestos recently discovered in the drinking water of Duluth, Minnesota). The movie's only message is that weapons are bad, particularly the biochemical variety. In fact, the only real villains here are bureaucracy and human fallibility; these are exemplified in the disastrous fate of the sole physician to find an antidote to the plague. When told that he must take his discovery through channels, the doctor justifiably flies off the handle, promptly mistaken for a lunatic, placed among the quarantined, and killed during a riot of the afflicted. All hope for a cure dies with him.

TRIXIE isn't a total bummer, though: when a contingent of gas-masked guardsmen in protective uniforms begins rounding up the irrational, we are treated to the invariably edifying spectacle of a citizenry at war with its own Armed Services. One scene especially lingers in the memory: an elderly woman sits quietly sewing in a rocking chair. A soldier bursts into the room. The old lady rises calmly and stabs him several times with her knitting needle. Then she sits back in her rocker while her victim lies thrashing in a tangle of yarn.

Paul Roen



SFANTASY FILM NEWS

Andy Warhol's remakes of *Frankenstein* and *Dracula* opened in Paris with veteran of the Warhol school, Paul Morrissey, writing and directing both. There's lots of sex, gore and satire in the films, with *Dracula* getting violently ill and retching blood any time he bites a girl who is not a virgin in *BLOOD FOR DRACULA*, and Dr. Frankenstein becoming amorous with the gall bladder of his creation's mate in *FLESH FOR FRANKENSTEIN*. The



(Cont. from page 25)

ANCE (one of the best quality shockers of all time), planned doing *THE LORD OF THE RINGS*, but suffered financial setbacks. *ZARDOZ'* shows Tolkien-like qualities, including a heavy slice of Frank L. Baum, naturally.

Calvin T. Beck

* * *

The New York critical consensus on *ZARDOZ* was largely unfavorable. This is not surprising considering that 2001 was underrated when first released (many of the original opinions on 2001 were reversed). As with 2001, the main criticism is that *ZARDOZ*, while technically outstanding, has a very thin plot line. Actually the film is the most provocative, intelligent science fiction I've seen since Kubrick's project.

Unlike many films with futuristic settings, *ZARDOZ* does not consciously concern itself with life after nuclear holocaust or an authoritarian, 1984-style society. Instead, we see a socially fragmented, highly advanced commune called Vortex and a wasteland full of barbaric primitives. Director John Boorman never gives any detailed explanation of how man progresses (or regresses) from 1974 to 2293. Explanations are not as important as the stimulation of the viewer's intellect and imagination.

Whereas *DELIVERANCE* was a good but overrated adaptation which did not reach the novel's potential, *ZARDOZ'S* script is more thoughtful and well conceived. Aided by excellent special effects and the widescreen cinematography of Geoffrey Unsworth (2001 and *CABARET*), the revelation of the god *Zardoz's* origin is especially forceful. Sean "007" Connery as Zed once again proves he is capable of handling more challenging roles than "James Bond." And Charlotte Rampling (*GEORGY GIRL*) is good support as Zed's nemesis in Vortex.

Undoubtedly there are flaws in *ZARDOZ*, but I'm frankly too excited about the film to discuss them. Perhaps when I have seen it again—and it definitely deserves at least a second viewing—I can comment more intelligibly. My unreserved opinion is that *ZARDOZ*, in time, may attain the status of a classic in the science fiction genre. In any event, Boorman has joined the ranks of potentially great directors.

— Steve Myer

latter is being released in 3-D and stars Udo Kier as Dr. Frankenstein and Monique Van Vooren as his sister and mother of his children. Kier also plays the title role in **BLOOD FOR DRACULA** and can walk around in broad daylight (because the film had an extremely limited budget). Dracula's demise is the most violent ever seen in a vampire film. Another Frankenstein is being also released, called **YOUNG FRANKENSTEIN** (produced and directed by Mel Brooks), starring Peter Boyle, Gene Wilder and Cloris Leachman, to be released by 20th Century-Fox.

Warner Bros. says **THE EXORCIST** will stay intact, contrary to reports that the ending will be re-shot to clarify the triumph of good over evil. Incidentally, Linda Blair is being considered for the film version of **ONE FLEW OVER THE CUCKOO'S NEST**.

Cashing in on the success of **EXORCIST** is **HELP ME I'M POSSESSED**, from Peerless Films, and **MARK OF THE DEVIL: PART TWO**.

Along psychic phenomenon lines is **THE REINCARNATION OF PETER PROUD**, based on the Max Erlich novel, to be released by Bing Crosby Productions who gave us **WILLARD** several seasons ago. Incidentally, Elsa Lanchester (who starred in **WILLARD** and the immortal **BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN**) is receiving the Ann Radcliffe Award from the Count Dracula Society this year for her performance in **ARNOLD**.

Amicus just began lensing **E.R. Burroughs' THE LAND THAT TIME FORGOT**, with Doug McClure. And former Tarzan star Ron Ely appears as Doc Savage in the George Pal production, **DOC SAVAGE: MAN OF BRONZE**. Speaking of **TARZAN**, Jock Mahoney, who portrayed the ape man in **TARZAN GOES TO INDIA** and **TARZAN'S THREE CHALLENGES**, and starred in the SF film **THE LAND UNKNOWN**, will be one of the guests of honor at **Houstoncon '74**, this June 20-23 in Houston, Texas. Also appearing at the con will be veteran stuntman Dave Sharpe, Kirk (Superman) Alyn and film historian Alan "Screen Facts" Barbour. For more info, write: **HOUSTONCON '74**, 2511 Pennington St., Houston, Tex. 77016.

Charlton Heston will star in **EARTHQUAKE**, the Mark Robson feature with George Kennedy, Genevieve Bujold, Lorne Green, Richard Roundtree and former evangelist Marjoe.

The inimitable Vincent Price recently paid a visit to Baltimore where he made the rounds of the local talk shows endorsing Sear's Department Stores' home decorating course. Eager to meet this fine actor, whom I have always held in the highest regard, yours truly, George Stover, along with **CASTLE OF FRANKENSTEIN** contributors Steve Vertlieb and Bruce Gearhart, drove to WJZ-TV's studios where Mr. Price was appearing on "The Larry Angle Show," along with actress Gina Lollobrigida and author Leonard Malton. We chatted with Mr. Price for several minutes and found him to be extremely friendly and cooperative when we asked him to pose for a special CoF photo and to sign autographs. Vincent Price's sense of humor was also evident, as usual, when I showed him **CASTLE OF FRANKENSTEIN**, explaining that it was a magazine devoted mainly to monster and horror films, and he quipped, "Oh, I never make any of those kind." Meeting this Master of the Macabre was an extremely rewarding experience which we'll treasure forever.

Speaking of Vincent Price, horror fans will enjoy the various in-jokes as well as film clips of Karloff and Lorre in Price's latest AIP flick, **MADHOUSE**. Though both Price and Cushing received billing in **Scream and Scream Again** and **Dr. Phibes Rises Again**, **MADHOUSE** is the first time these two great

horror stars appear on screen in the same scenes together.

Also set for release by AIP is the Hallmark production of **HORROR HOSPITAL**, an R-rated tongue-in-cheek British horror flick starring Michael (Crucible of Horror, Trog, Horrors of the Black Museum, etc.) Gough.

Another horror spoof is Cinerama's **DIGBY, THE BIGGEST DOG IN THE WORLD**, about an adorable sheepdog named Digby who drinks a chemical potion and grows 30 feet tall. Predictably, he is treated by the military establishment as just another large monster on the loose. Film should be a natural for kids, but director Joe McGrath will undoubtedly include subtle humor slanted for the grownup trade as well.

THE PROMETHEUS CRISIS, an action adventure saga taking place several years in the future, will be produced for Paramount by Peter Bart and Max Palevsky, based on a novel by Thomas N. Scortia and Frank M. "The Power" Robinson.

Bob Kelljan, responsible for AIP's **Scream, Blacula Scream**, is writing the screenplay for **THE DAY THE DOGS RAN**, a terror film about wild packs of dogs rebelling against mankind.

Jack H. Harris (of **The Blob**, **The 4-D Man**, **Dinosaur** fame) has another sci-fi film in the works called **DARK STAR**.

An 8 million dollar production of **DANTE'S INFERNO** has started in Rome by Franco Zeffereilli. Tommy Howard, who worked on the special effects in **2001**, has been called in for his talents, as well as Russian ballet choreographer Moeseyev to direct the movement of the damned souls in Hell. Zeffereilli hopes to enlist Dmitri Shostakovich as composer of the film score.

Fans of **THE HELLSTROM CHRONICLE** won't want to miss **PHASE IV**, an ecological sci-fi'er in which mankind battles for survival against a race of super intelligent ants. The film will use excellent insect photography by Ken (Hellstrom Chronicle) Middleham and the human stars of this Paramount release include Nigel Davenport, Michael Murphy and Lynne Frederick. Also to be released by Paramount is Frank Perry's **THE GIFT OF FRANKLIN WELLES** in which Joel Gray portrays a clairvoyant who helps the police to solve a puzzling murder case. And also being released by Paramount is Peter Cushing returning as Dr. Frankenstein in **FRANKENSTEIN AND THE MONSTER FROM HELL**.

Inspired by **POSEIDON ADVENTURE'S** financial success, Irwin Allen is preparing **THE TOWERING INFERNO** for Xmas '74 release. From a screenplay by Sterling Silliphant, the film is unique in that it is the first time two major film companies, Warner and 20th Century-Fox, have combined forces to produce a major motion picture.

Sunset International announces acquisition of **TERROR ON HALFMOON STREET**, a shocker to appear on a double bill with **THE TERROR OF BLACKWOOD CASTLE**.

There's a **CHINESE HERCULES**, "the super-human beast of the East—he's got a crush on you"—starring Yang Sze, now being released through Brynston Pictures. Some super-human epics are being filmed in the Philippines and have come about through the success of the wonder-chick character named Darna of the boxoffice money-maker, **FLY DARNA FLY**, starring Vilma Santos. Next on the agenda of the bikini clad, winged helmeted Darna is **DARNA AND THE GIANTS**. Other Philippine flicks to follow this formula are **ZOOM**, **ZOOM SUPERMAN**, a parody of the comic strip creation, and **SUPER GEE** starring Nora Aunor.

THE MANSION OF MADNESS is a Mexican film based on E. A. Poe's tale, "The System of Dr. Tarr and Professor Fether," and is a mixture of gothic horror and political



Hollywood's great monster-at-large, Vincent Price, meets one of Castle of Frankenstein's notable, resident monsters, George Stover

satire

August Films' first production was started in February—a psychological thriller filming in Toronto and titled **STOP ME**. And Chocolate Chip Productions is filming **HOUSE ON SKULL MOUNTAIN** in Georgia.

In 1968 a grade Z'er, **IT'S ALIVE** (starring Tommy Kirk) played a few spots before ending up on TV. Oddly, the same title was registered early this year by AIP and Warner's; now, though, AIP is releasing it under a new title, **IT LIVES BY NIGHT**. So far, Warner's has done nothing about theirs which concerns a baby who eats people.

Paul Naschy, who played the lead in **The Werewolf Vs. the Vampire Woman**, stars in a number of new films picked up by Profilmes S.A. Distributors: **HORROR RISES FROM THE TOMB**, with Emma Cohen; **VENGEANCE OF THE ZOMBIES**, with Vic Winner and Romy; **THE BLUE EYES OF THE BROKEN DOLL**, with Diana Lorys; and **A DRAGONFLY FOR EACH CORPSE**, with Enka Blanc. Others from Profilmes are **DRACULA'S SAGA**, **THE LORELEY'S GRASP**, **REFUGE OF FEAR**, and **THE NIGHT OF THE SORCERERS**.

NEW'S SPECIAL The Star Trek cons were apparently a "good investment"—Gene Roddenberry has just started production on a new feature-length theatrical version of **STAR TREK**. In turn, this will act as a "pilot" for a new ST series on TV. More info as it comes in will be in the next and all following issues

Also up-and-coming shortly.

MR. SUPER INVISIBLE (K-Tel Int'l), **VAMPIRA'S NIGHT ORGY** and **DRACULA'S GREAT LOVE** (Int'l Amusement), **LEGEND OF HORROR** (Int'l Films), **HORROR HIGH** (Crown Int'l), and Hammer's new vampire opus (filmed in Hong Kong and now ready), **LEGEND OF THE SEVEN GOLDEN VAMPIRES**, starring Peter Cushing.

Several new TV series are scheduled for next fall. Paul Burke, Polly Bergen, Hayley Mills, Barbara Feldon are a few of the many stars appearing in the 23 tales of the supernatural and the macabre on ABC's **MENACE-THRILLER**. And in the tradition of the "Topper" and "The Invisible Man" series is the syndicated **MY PARTNER THE GHOST**.

For sci-fi fans: Martin Landau and Barbara Bain will star in **SPACE: 1999**, so far TV's most expensive and spectacular sci-fi series ever.

AIP is releasing to TV 16 horror features under the title **GHOUL-A-RAMA**, which will include many of the Price/Poe films.

And while on the subject of TV, both **THE NIGHT STALKER** and **NIGHT STRANGLER** are now in paperback form, written by Jeff Rice from Richard Matheson's scripts.

—George Stover and John E. Parnum

in order to run for office. Then if they continue to want more of the same thing, then they deserve what they get. In the case of bringing exorcism and the fact that it is widely practised in this country today, to throw a spotlight on it I think is good. I think that when the dust settles, that people will see other virtues in the film.

VON SYDOW AS THE EXORCIST

Von Sydow has a kind of spiritual quality on screen that I immediately thought of I have a photograph of the actual exorcist plus the man the character is based on. He portrays great spiritual quality on film. I didn't realize when I met him how much work it was going to take to make him look like that. It was four hours every morning to put that makeup on. Von Sydow is 44 years old and he doesn't have a line on his face, and he's playing a dying man in his late sixties.

LINDA BLAIR (REGAN)

She did everything in the picture. She had no double and no stand-in. It's all her. She is the most totally pulled together, stable, mature young person I've ever met. The whole thing was a game to her. She didn't take any of it seriously. It was very difficult, challenging work, but she was totally unaffected by it. I auditioned over five hundred girls and the studio had auditioned maybe thousands before I saw five hundred. Out of the five hundred I saw, there wasn't one other I would even have considered, because I thought that it might do most of them psychic damage. This girl was a ranty.

TIMING THE HORROR SCENES

The scene, for example, where the girl assaults herself with a crucifix is on the screen less than fifty seconds, and it seems like forever because it's an unforgettable scene that's imprinted on the consciousness of anyone who ever sees it. The only criteria I used was how much of it I could take. I never previewed the picture, never got an audience reaction first. I just cut it and put it out there. A lot of it is even now too much for people, obviously. When you're dealing in an area of taste—and this, more than anything, borders on bad taste, admittedly—you are constantly concerned about the factor of excess. Take a thousand filmmakers or any one of you approached with the same scene: any one of you would have made different choices.

Some of you might have chosen to keep it all off screen. Some of you might have had the scene go on for three or four minutes. I think probably Russ Meyer would have made a whole movie about that [Laughter.] To me, it was worth fifty seconds in this movie. And the criterion is how much of it do I think I can take before I don't want to see any more of it.

THE CRUCIFIX SCENE

This particular scene is the most thought about and talked about scene for the obvious reason that it programs two things that are generally not up-front programmed in the human mind—the two things in the human computer that are so widely separate, kept separate by educational standards, religious standards, the general standards of morality. Sex and religion—they are at wide variants in the human computer. And *THE EXORCIST* brings them right together. That may be the single most important factor in the effect that the movie has had. It's like when you excavate a mountain and all these animals that have been living there for ten thousand or more years start crawling out. I know that's one of the reasons for *THE EXORCIST*'S, shall we say, "notoriety."

Incidentally, a good part of her [Linda Blair's] voice is used in the film. Some of the demonic voice is my voice, and the rest of it is Mercedes McCambridge. But all of it is either

varied pitch or slowed down in tempo, slowed down in speed, or electronically distorted, or has animal sounds added to it.

POSSIBLE INTERPRETATIONS

There's a scene where the mother [Ellen Burstyn] is swearing on the telephone, trying to reach the overseas operator to reach her husband, from whom she is separated, to get him to speak to the daughter [Blair] because it's the girl's birthday. And the scene involves the mother swearing on the phone to the overseas operator on the phone because she can't get through. The scene is vital for a couple of reasons. One: it clearly establishes that the little girl is troubled by the separation. Two: it establishes that the profanity that she later uses stems from having overheard her mother who has a salty vocabulary. In other words, it sets a psychological foundation for the girl's being upset. It's one more block in a possible psychological underpinning for the girl's breakdown. The loss of the father, the separation, the mother's hysteria under what is normally not a hysterical situation. I, by the way, do not see the film as a story of demonic possession at all. I never made the film with that in mind.

Like any good film, it is purposely made to make you think about it, but not to provide answers. There are none. There are many possibilities. One way that I look at the film is as a case of mass hysteria. And if you examine the film from that standpoint, you will see a solid underpinning for that argument. If you look at the picture for the second layer, you'll find so much stuff hidden in *THE EXORCIST*. There is more hidden in it than is on the screen up front.

DICK SMITH, MAKEUP MAN

Dick just happens to be the best in the world. Dick Smith did the makeup for Hal Holbrook's Mark Twain. He did Brando in *THE GODFATHER*. He did Dustin Hoffman in *LITTLE BIG MAN*. He's done countless monster makeups that have thrilled and scared the pants off most of us from the time we grew up. He's a great man and a great artist. His contribution to the film is without parallel. There is no Academy Award for makeup. It's only a special award given by the members of the Academy when they see fit to give it. If the picture deserves anything, it's that award for Dick and for Marcel Vercoutere, the special effects man.

THE MUSIC

There are seventeen minutes of music in *EXORCIST*, and all of the musical selections are from sources that I knew. I originally commissioned a composer to do a score. He did a score all right, and I thought it was terrible, just overstated and dreadful. All of the sources that I had given this composer from which to draw were sources that after I had heard his interpretation of them I threw out his score and decided to go to the existing—the original music. In other words, rather than get bad imitation Stravinsky, I might as well have the real thing. In this case, I knew of a recording by Michael Oldfield, "Tubular Bells," and I thought that it would perfectly set off a couple of moods I wanted in the picture without being sentimental or syrupy. "Tubular Bells" has a haunting, nostalgic, almost childlike quality. I listen to a lot of music. I'm much more influenced by music today than by any other filmmakers. The deepest influence on me in *THE FRENCH CONNECTION* was the music of Santana. I cut the entire chase sequence to a soundtrack of Santana's recording of "Black Magic Woman." The rest of *EXORCIST*'S music is all from sources of very good, very important contemporary composers that you may not be familiar with: Krzysztof Penderecki, who's Polish, and Hans Werner Henze, who's German; a fellow called David Borden who writes music for computers; and

there's a little bit of George Crumb; a little bit of Anton Webern. Webern is really the father of all that kind of music. Small, surrealistic, very understating.

What I wanted—what I think we have in the film—is understated music. The music is just a presence like a cold hand on the back of your neck, rather than assertive.

A NEW ENDING FOR THE EXORCIST

The other night I was lying around in a half-dazed state of mind, fighting sleep, and what happened was that I had this vision of a new ending for the film. So, I'm going to shoot it.

What we're going to do is add a new ending to all presently released theatrical prints and to all those released later on. This has never been done before, especially to a successful film. A lot of times they'll take and re-cut a film that didn't make it; but our film is well on its way to being the most financially successful film of all time. (It's running about 40% ahead of *THE GODFATHER* now [Jan. 23, 1974] in only 24 theaters.)

But this ending, had I thought of it at the time, I would have shot it and put it in then. It just came to me as a vision the other night, so I'm going back to Georgetown to do it. And the point is that nothing that is in the film will be taken out; it will not be cut. This will be an addition to the present ending that will blow your minds. Those of you who have seen the film, when you see what we add to the ending, are going to be blitzed—fried! It's really strong. We're only playing in 24 cities now and it's adding constantly. By the time I get it shot, it'll be in about sixty or seventy theaters. Those prints will be called in and replaced—just the last reel, though *THE EXORCIST* has thirteen small reels and six big reels and one little one hanging over, and it's only that little one, that little reel 13 that I'll be calling in existing showings, but we're going to put word out to those people who have seen *EXORCIST* that there is an added ending.

As to how long the addition will be—I'm adding less than fifteen seconds, as a matter of fact, but that fifteen seconds, again I freely admit, will have the impact of the whole picture.

THE EXORCIST'S SPECIAL EFFECTS REVEALED

Now, those of you—and there are, of course, many—interested in *EXORCIST*'S special effects will be cued in on how they were done.

The shaking of the room was accomplished by balancing the set of the room on a bowling ball which was rocked by stagehands off camera.

The movement of the beds: there were four different beds which specialized in certain effects, such as levitating and shaking. These were operated from behind the headboard wall.

The vomit effect was accomplished by running tubes under the makeup on the actress's neck and into her mouth. The "vomit" was then pumped through the tubes.

The urination effect was achieved by a remote control device with tubes running under the actress's nightgown.

The branding effect was achieved by burying thin, almost invisible wires under latex makeup on the actress's arm. The exposed end of the wire was pulled offscreen, exposing another layer of makeup. In the film, this was accompanied by a "whipping" sound effect.

The throat bulge was done by the use of inflatable makeup on the actress's neck. The inflation was controlled by stagehands inhaling and exhaling into a tube which was hidden in the actress's clothing.

The writing on the skin was accomplished with a false latex stomach. The letters were



first scratched onto the latex. The latex was then heated with a blower, causing the letters to disappear into the latex again. This process was filmed forward, but printed in reverse in the lab, thus giving the effect of letters appearing on the skin.

The tongue flicking was done with the use of a false tongue made to fit over the actress's own tongue.

The rolling of the eyes was created by fitting the actress with all-white contact lenses. As she opened her eyes, the camera was shooting slow motion.

Candle flaming-flaring was done by blowing butane gas through a tube hidden under the actress's clothing.

Convulsions were simulated by putting the actress in a corset-hoist which was operated off camera.

The breathing effect, which was one of the most demanding effects, was achieved by the use of powerful air conditioners which cooled to 10 degrees below zero, but soon became ineffective under the heat of movie lights. For this reason, these scenes (showing the breath vapor) took a long time to shoot.

Interviewer's Note Friedkin wouldn't say anything about how he created Linda Blair's startling head turning effect, except to state

"All I can tell you is any way you think I did it is not the way we did it!"

Finally, when Friedkin said something about the famous levitation effect, he stated

"It was achieved by the use of magnetic fields."

However, he would not elaborate on this matter, and since this interviewer distinctly saw what appeared to be wires in the scene, at least in the shots from the bedside, Friedkin's position seems to be self-contradictory, at least on this matter. —SM.

ON FUTURE WORK

I'll probably stay with the suspense film for a while. I don't think I'll do a comedy, because I believe in visual comedy. I don't want to do a film where guys are doing jokes, one-liners. That's not a movie, that's Bob Hope program stuff, better done on TV today. And yet there is really only one guy doing visual comedy today and that's Woody Allen, and he's his own director. I'd love to do a picture with Woody, but he works with himself. I feel most comfortable in the suspense film genre. I don't want to do a sentimental romantic story because that's dangerous. I know what it takes to get people to do that, and it's not my bag to do a LOVE STORY or THE WAY WE WERE. I'd rather do films about "the way we are."

And about my next film — all I can tell you is that it will probably begin with a shot of the exit sign in the theater going out and replaced by an extreme close-up of another sign that says, "No Exit!", and it will be accompanied by the sounds of the doors in the auditorium being slammed shut so the audience can't get out. Really, that's what I'm planning.

* * * * *

Most people, though, involved with any creative medium are notoriously inconsistent or apt to change plans on a moment's notice. So what Friedkin truly has in mind for the future isn't certain. One thing that is, though, is that the "new ending" he mentioned seems at the moment unlikely. Word has also reached us at press time that a new ending was indeed created but has been rejected for the time being. A little more insight into the Friedkin personality follows:

CoF Alfred Hitchcock is bored with post production work. Other directors, Peter Bogdanovich and Mike Nichols, for example, love to physically edit their films. How do you feel

Wf I do, too. I edit my own films. I enjoy it more than any other phase of filmmaking. [This, however, is debatable: WF's *The Night They Raped Minsky's* was considered a certain failure upon its initial completion; a special film editor was hired to re-cut and to insert special stock footage prior to general release of the film about a year later. CTB.]

CoF What directors have influenced you the most?

Wf None.

CoF Do you admire the work of your contemporaries?

Wf For example, who?

CoF I was hoping you would give me some examples.

Wf Well, I said today — weren't you here today?

CoF Yes.

Wf I said that Stanley Kubrick, you know. Stanley Kubrick. You got — everything you got there, I'm gonna talk about tonight, really. You gotta take notes on it because this is boring.

CoF I'm recording it.

Wf You know, because like I said, Kubrick — boom!

CoF What about...?

Wf ... and you should pick up on that.

CoF Peter Bogdanovich, for example?

Wf I don't really wanna comment on other guys. I shouldn't, you know. Good or bad, it isn't cool to comment on other...

CoF What is your opinion of the auteur theory?

Wf Well, to me film is largely a collaborative medium and a great many people contribute to the success or failure of a movie. I don't put much stock in it.

CoF What are your future projects?

Wf I'm looking for a film now. I mentioned that again, today. I said that today — this afternoon.

CoF But you didn't mention the name.

Wf No, I didn't have any. I don't have a specific project. You know, I'm looking to another suspense film, but I don't know which one.

CoF Many directors are honored by winning an Academy Award. Others feel that the Oscars are often given on the basis of sentiment and do not reflect true recognition of talent. As an Award recipient, what is your opinion?

Wf I was honored to receive the Academy Award. I think it's the highest honor the industry can give.

CoF We know that you've done a lot of work in New York, including the interiors of *THE EXORCIST*.

Wf It's just circumstantial. I like to go make films wherever I think the subject is, you know. I finish all my films in Hollywood, but I don't shoot out there because I shoot on location. Most films are made on location today.

CoF When the writer exercises as much control as Mr. Blatty did on *THE EXORCIST*, is it hard for the director to express his artistic sense?

Wf No.

CoF The success of a film like *THE EXORCIST* depends a lot on the expertise of the technicians. Who chose the special effects men, the makeup men?

Wf I did.

CoF Was it on the basis of previous work you had seen?

Wf Yeah.

CoF Including Billy Williams [cinematographer for the Iraq sequences], for example.





William Friedkin and Ellen Burstyn discuss certain details of *THE EXORCIST*'s script.

WF: He photographed *WOMEN IN LOVE*.

CoF: Are there any horror films that have influenced you?

WF: Two would be *PSYCHO*, of course. *PSYCHO* is one of the best films I've ever seen from an emotional standpoint. The other is a Japanese movie called *ONIBABA*. It is terrifying. It is the most terrifying film I have ever seen. It's an obscure Japanese film called *ONIBABA* and it'll scare the hell out of you. It's about eight years or ten years old. It's in black and white, widescreen, beautifully made. I used a lot of principles of suspense from *ONIBABA*.

CoF: Do you think audiences are more sophisticated today?

WF: I do think audiences are more sophisticated and better educated than they ever were before. First of all, 70% of the motion picture audience today is between the age of 12 and 29, tends to be better educated, more affluent, more selective in their choices.

CoF: Why are so many Hollywood films today routine and pedestrian?

WF: I don't know that I agree with you that everything that comes out of Hollywood is routine and pedestrian.

CoF: I didn't say "everything."

WF: ... And I won't disagree with you either. I just don't want to be the guy to say it.

* * * * *

AN EVALUATION OF THE EXORCIST

And Some Impressions Of
William Friedkin

Technically, *THE EXORCIST* is a great achievement. All the special effects are believable and shocking within the context of the story. And, of course, much of the film's success is due to director William Friedkin's ability to heighten suspense and, then, more than satisfy the audiences' expectations through pacing and supervising the action well. *THE*

EXORCIST does manage to shock the audience to a remarkable degree, and that in itself is no mean feat.

But, upon reflection, what is the purpose? The horror is shock for its own sake.

Supposedly, there are many levels of meaning in the film. On the deepest possible level, it could be viewed as a simple allegory of Christ figure versus anti-Christ figure. Even assuming this, the execution is crude—especially when one compares it to the subtlety of Polanski's *ROSEMARY'S BABY*—and the ending is vague; not thought-provoking like 2001, but simply incomplete and anti-climactic.

The performances, considering the material, are quite good. Ellen Burstyn, Lee J. Cobb, Kitty Winn, Max von Sydow, and the late Jack MacGowran (also seen in Polanski's *CUL-DE-SAC* and *THE FEARLESS VAMPIRE KILLERS*) very professionally play their respective characters. Unfortunately, their potentials are not realized and these characters remain largely undeveloped. Friedkin develops the character of Father Karras (Jason Miller) with a little more care. Miller, playwright of *THAT CHAMPIONSHIP SEASON*, plays the role of the guilt-ridden priest with realism.

THE EXORCIST's fantastic success causes me to reflect on the film's place in the history of horror films. When a headline-grabbing, big budget (over 7 million dollars) film like this comes out, it's hard for horror film devotees not to think of the underappreciated, but much better b-movies in the genre: *INVASION OF THE BODY SNATCHERS*, *NIGHT TIDE*, *NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD*, the Val Lewton films, and Corman's Poe movies.

In effect, *THE EXORCIST* is an expensive exploitation movie: *THE LOVE STORY* or *THE SOUND OF MUSIC* of the horror genre.

On first meeting Bill Friedkin, the immediate impression is one of charming sincerity and personable appearance. His special sessions on filmmaking proved highly entertaining. But, regrettably, many contradictions arose in his

presentation.

When Bill Friedkin arrived on the campus, he was shown every possible courtesy that the University of Georgia's student union was able to extend. However, though he had much ample time to participate in an extensive interview, he chose to evade most questions that I tried bringing up in our special private confab. Among his many excuses was that he would answer every conceivable question at the lecture session, and stated that he wanted to save his voice. When I finally did persuade him to answer questions, he did his best to seem disinterested—but apparently I came thru much better than others, considering a number of magazine, especially *Newsweek*, and news papers were all sent away. So, at least, we may all consider this another feather in CoF's well-honored cap.

True to form, Friedkin stuck to his stock script and the answers he usually gives at lectures and on TV talk shows. When faced with a cerebral question, however, he often reversed his opinions.

During the course of a two-hour and fifteen minute lecture session, a fifteen minute interview, and another two and a half hour period, he made many seemingly conflicting statements. At one time, he said he disliked *THE DEVILS* because director Ken Russell often sacrificed content for technique. Later he stated that he liked *JONATHAN LIVINGSTON SEAGULL*: "... Forget the message or the text."

Friedkin implied that financially unsuccessful films deserve to be unsuccessful because they have no popular appeal. Yet his list of influential films included many "... which are not necessarily commercially successful."

Friedkin refused to tell how the "head turning" special effect was accomplished because it would "spoil" its success on film, yet he told how most of the other special effects were done in some detail.

In the interview, he said that it wasn't "... cool to comment on other guys [directors]," but in the lecture he commented on several other directors any way.

During the seminar, he made a definite statement about adding a fifteen second, stronger ending to *THE EXORCIST*. In the other session, he claimed he was only "considering" the additional footage.

The most self-contradictory of all of Friedkin's statements, perhaps, is that he claims that Warners and himself have had nothing to do with the sensational publicity surrounding *THE EXORCIST*. This allegation itself is questionable, especially since a great deal of Friedkin's lecture details the reactions of audiences and clergymen. Also, just to judge by much of the film's pre-release promotion (that began at least a year and a half ago) and Friedkin's own numerous cross-country tours and TV-radio appearances, it might be fair to say that *THE EXORCIST* has been a beneficiary of more well-organized publicity and p.r. hype than any film has received to date.

Friedkin sees film functioning as catharsis: to make people laugh, cry, or be scared. He never stresses the value of film as an art form or as intellectual stimulation. As a director, he only serves the audience in a very surface, superficial sense. Perhaps, as a good businessman with some understanding of art, he is right: he has a sensitive finger on the pulse of the American public; he knows how to make money. In fact, he may be Kinney Corporation's (Warner Bros. holding company) best candidate as the head of their board-of-directors.

Or, another Mike Todd. A showman rather than a "great" director.

Whatever—I find his crassly commercial attitude deplorable. It denigrates cinema and lowers it to the level of a carnival side show.

— Steve Myers —



Yours truly,
Vincent Van
Ghoul,
the Gallery
Ghoul.

The CoFanaddicts GALLERY

Before unleashing another round of pre-posterous offerings, divers macabre ideas and other weirdness presented by the denizens of this ghastly department, I'd like to give all of you my deepest thanks (and even my fangs) for the many cards and letters of appreciation. Some of you were so loving as to visit my cozy mausoleum and place beautiful funeral wreaths on the gates. Most touching. A few "leader" types organized torch-bearing mobs of villagers at night to honor me at "special" ceremonies. I'm deeply flattered. But to those who went to the trouble and expense of arriving with sharpened stakes and mallets? I'm completely overcome by such sentimentality!!

And now, here are Van Ghoul's Rules governing The Gallery

- 1— No professionals or dealers allowed.
- 2— Keep all info short as possible, otherwise I'll use a scalpel... and cut!
- 3— Whether or not you have preferences to itemize, an announcement, etc., just sending in your name is enough—it simply means you want pen-pals.

And, of course—this whole dept. is Free of charge. Just do your thing and mail it to:
GALLERY Dept. — Gothic Castle
509 Fifth Ave.
New York, N.Y. 10017.

W. BROWN III, 88 Forest St., New Canaan, Ct. 06840, collects mags in the genre, etc., and interested in CoF starting a club.

MICHAEL AMOROSE, 45 Bay 10 St., Brooklyn, N.Y. 11216, is into Monsters, Batman, Green Hornet and kindred species.

PAUL RAY, Chancellors Trailer Park (no. 45), Fountain, Colo. 80012, is just 9 and wants pen-pals.

JOHN FONDREN, P.O. Box 1017, Fairfield, Cal. 94533, does artwork; wants to contribute to comic/film fanzines & subscribing to them.

JONATHAN MOTIL, 2929 Greenhedge, Anaheim, Cal. 92806, stop-motion animation buff, wants any books & mags etc. on this subject & pen-pals interested in animation.

JOHN TOMASULO, 56 Sunset Ave., North Arlington, N.J. 07032, wants all possible info etc. about PLANET OF THE APES.

DAMIAN DOLAN, 2148 Betsy Dr., Jacksonville, Fla. 32210.

PAUL VIETZLE, 5476 Proctor Ave., Oakland, Cal. 94618.

CURT BOULER, 2548 Midvale Forest Dr., Tucker, Ga. 30084, a Chris Lee admirer and an A-One CoFriend.

JOE KEPPLER, Rt. 303, Box 44E, Valley Cottage, N.Y. 10989, publishes Proteus and heads a local SFantasy fan club.

STEVE MUSGROVE, 107 Mimosa Dr., Syl-vestre, Ga. 31791, a great admirer of the late Lon Chaney Jr. & an A-1 CoFreak.

KERT SLOAN, 1265 Buttonwood St., Reading, Pa. 19604, is into film collecting.

BRAD LINDSEY, 203 Collegeview, Starkville, Missi., 39759, into makeup, fangs & stuff.

NELSON W. BLACK, 2122 Clinton Ave., Alameda, Cal. 94501.

TIM STULL, R.R. 9, Box 444, Bloomington, Ind. 47401.

ROGER MAYDEN, 1541 Sherman Dr., St. Charles, Mo. 63301, collects SFantasy film mags.

TIMOTHY BEER, 781 Jewett Ave., Staten Island, N.Y. 10314, brews barrels of enthusiasm over new SFantasy-horror films.

GORDON CAMPOS, 1251 Letts, Corcoran, Cal. 93212.

BARNEY WALSH, 9409 Crofton, Houston, Tex. 77016, Japanese Monster film freak wishes pen-pals (10 yrs. & older).

JIM AUSTIN, 5 Sanford Dr., Jamestown, N.Y. 14701: all possible KONG info wanted. Ditto: anything on Monster on the Campus.

JIM WILLIAMS, 16 Sycamore Ct., Muncie, Ind. 47302: buys stills, posters, CoF, monster mags and so on at reasonable, decent prices.

R.A. MARAVIGLIA, 236 Clifton Ave., Newark, N.J. 07104.

MIKE MURRAY, 219 Pierce Ave., Sharpsville, Penna. 16150, collects films.

JOSEPH KINTER, 629 Coleman Ave., Johnstown, Pa. 15902: Collects film & interested in Frankenstein's Daughter.

SPENCER CRUMP, Journalism Dept., Orange Coast College, 2701 Fairview Rd., Costa Mesa, Cal. 92626: non-Fic' fmsz, mags wanted as donations for college studies.

JOE HUZION, 164-23 90th St., Howard Beach, N.Y.: loves the genre, especially CoF to the hilt.

CHRIS ROMANO, 219 E. Waldheim Rd., Pittsburgh, Pa., 15215: selling stills, comics and his own fmsz, "The Monster Magazine."

LEROY SZIDIK, P.O. Box 186, Dolton, Ill. 60419: veteran CoFan forced to sell huge comic book collection (thousands), below dealer & "price guide" rates owing to dad's death and mother's illness. 30¢ in coin for catalog.

PAUL W. HIGGINS, Rt. 2, Box 126, Lyndon Sta., Wisc. 53944.

EUGENE BOLSON, 1322 So. 2nd St., Pekin, Illinois 61554, collects SFantasy mags.

JOHN REYNOLDS, 5155 Yellowstone (no. 22), Chubbuck, Idaho 83201, collects 8mm films, etc.

PAUL BRADY, 120 Tahoe, Missoula, Mont. 59801, wants to hear from Silent Running-Trumbull fans & further info on same.

LAVON WELCH c/o McShaw, 1 Weber Dr., Port Chester, N.Y. 10573, needs contributors & materials to start a fanzine; pays with free sub. Has SFantasy mags, comics for sale or trade.

RICHARD TEMPLIN, 307 E. Union St., Tam- aqua, Pa. 16252, selling books, mags, posters, 8mm films at very reasonable prices.

RUSS WISHMAN, R.R. 2, Box 176, Manson, Iowa 50563, will buy any Lost In Space material & wishes correspondence from any serious fans of this series.

CURTIS INGLIS, 910 Wayside, Richardson, Tex. 75080, is a GODZILLA freak who wishes SFantasy-monster pen-pals.

MIKE LUSHBAUGH, 27 Summer St., Hagers- town, Md. 21740, wishes to collect DARK SHADOWS films & related material.

PAUL DORAN, 2685 Wilddale R.D., Baldwin, N.Y. 11510, has 11 X 14 copies of "Horror Stars" for \$1.00 per copy.

VARRY VAN DUZER, 3 Vincent Ave., Staten Island, N.Y., wishes with others to restore Dark Shadows (even in re-run form). Also collects all kinds of SFantasy materials.

STEVE TAYLOR, 4459 Pescadero Ave., San Diego, Cal. 92107, a Lost in Space freak.

ROBERT JERGER, R.D. 1, Box 265B, Oxford, N.J. 07863, astutely believes the "competition stinks" and that CoF "is the greatest."

ROBERT YAFFE, 9 Valentine Dr., Albertson, N.Y. 11507, interested in all phases of SFantasy films, particularly art-work on the subject.

MIKE ALAPERGER, 8819 B.S. Vermont, W.A.F.B., Mich. 48753, wants further info on Silent Running & Trumbull from serious fans only.

JOHN DAWSON, 4 Tennyson Ave., Hartlepool Co., Durham, England, wants 8mm films at reasonable prices.



"Really, Larry, this is no time for one of your stupid jokes

... In Closing

In a quite serious mood for a moment, how many of you have recently done your part as good citizens and contributed a dollar or more to the VAF? It desperately needs your support, namely because: the Vampire Anemia Foundation is suffering a critical shortage of blood plasma. We'll be keeping you abreast of this and other worthy organizations from time to time.

CoFrankly—have any of you ever been kind enough to consider donating a buck or so to help me pay off the mortgage on my beautiful mausoleum?

Really seriously, though—you must spell out your names and addresses (even if your Gallery item is handwritten), otherwise only you are to blame for any error(s).

To reiterate (and even repeat): this dept. is a free service. You, your friends—anyone—can take advantage of it. With the exception of pros, of course.

I note by the claws on the grandmonster clock that it's time for my tana tea and crumpets. And, so, as the head bandager said to Imho-tep as he swathed him the last time

That about wraps up everything for now!

Yrs., etc.: Vincent Van Ghoul

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For a very limited time only, one of the rarest SFantasy movie stills of all time: the one and only Monster from the Id of FORBIDDEN PLANET fame. One 8 X 10 glossy for \$1.50 (price includes postage and handling). Available from: Philip B. Moshcovitz, P.O. Box 1410, Main Post Office, Boston, Massachusetts 02104.

(Cont. from p. 5.)

bare it, as we would say in SLAYBOY magazine, which never was published for obvious reasons. HENHOUSE is another one never to see the light of day, alas.—CTB.)

A final question have you any idea if and when Kubrick's 2001 will come to tv?
GARY YOUNG, 4560 Cynthia Dr., Enon, Ohio 45323.

—Answering your 2001 query: My God, I hope not!! I saw it originally uncut in its untrammelled, virginal and gorgeous wraparound Cinerama form, back early in '68. It was in the NYC's Capitol Theater, a beautiful movie palace that was demolished and replaced by a decorous but phoney-looking skyscraper that now houses, I believe, two utilitarian but quite ugly small movie theatres. About a week after, thanks to goonish critical "opinions" (written by people with no investment in filmmaking outside of banged-up typewriters and a few cents of typing paper), Kubrick was literally forced by MGM to make drastic cuts of approximately 20 minutes. Although the film suffered, it was still beautiful on the huge Cinerama screen. But, not so once it went into national release in ordinary theatres where it seemed to lose more than 50%—even in houses equipped with the finest wide screens. Even under such a huge handicap, it was still a fantastic favorite all over the country, on college campuses, etc.—but a handicap nevertheless that cannot be overlooked. Thus, on TV, it's going to be a disaster—a terrible one, far worse than most 'Scope movies squeezed for the small TV screen. CTB.

Space is so tight this issue, we forgot our usual Letters address heading, which is:
Letters, c/o GOTHIC CASTLE,
509 5th Ave., New York, NY 10017

COMIC NUTS

Dear Cal:

I'm writing in the hope of saving comic book reviews. Please don't dump it—lengthen it, if anything. With practically nothing on the market about comics, we fellow SF-comic nuts need it. In one of your comments in the letters section I was abhorred by your statement that comics had up to 40% advertising. I set out to prove you wrong. The first two I grabbed up (Action 433, Power Man 17) had 30% cluttered by ads. Remarkable! I knew it was bad, but never really thought so bad. So, once again you're right. I also noticed a number of them are up to 25%. Crap is all I can say.

The only thing I don't like in CoF is that there's too much on the crappy movies of today.

BILL OTTO, 210-B Langford, M.S.U., Bozeman, Mont. 59715.

—So, how about switching over to the crappy movies of the past? Better yet, how's about 10, or 20, even 30 pages just on comics every issue, 10 or 12 more on comics-related material, etc., and maybe only 5 or 10 about film? Is it possible there are those who're so totally into comics to the exclusion of even films on TV? —Count the ads in the Marvels again, and it's more like 40%. I never considered the Bullpen page more than an ad-promo; if it were personalized for each different title, that'd be different.—CTB.

NIGHT CHILDREN for Cal Beck

Weird scenes
In the Castle of Frankenstein
Or some scarred place
For our dark languor.
What ghost's pallor
Picks us out
And makes us lovers of night,
Who take our beauty
Painted with the strangeness
Of the face of a vampire?

Not killing or violence
Brought back
From a vaulted chamber
To our sunlit world,
But ritual love
For the unknown
Intensity of life.

—Kris Berry

R. Rt. 2, Box 373 B, Thornville, Ohio 43076.

—We want to respect Mr. Berry's wish that certain very, very moving and endearing sentiments and wishes, contained in his personal letter, be kept private. . . except to reveal that he dedicated the above "...for the hours of enjoyment your magazine has given me." Thanks.—CTB.

BAVA, FAVA And DRAC

Dear Cal:

Very interesting that PSYCHO may have been filmed in color. Indeed, I think the film may work better in color—emphasizing Norman Bates' fantasy world and the Victorian oppressive decor around his house.

Re: FRANKENSTEIN: THE TRUE STORY. Part one of the film was really beautiful and great Romantic period; but Part II was mostly lousy. The Dan Curtis DRACULA (with Palance) is a much better movie. So much more than just a routine vampire thriller, this documentary-dream on the human condition is one of the Ten Best "horror" films ever made. I hope you run a symposium on it and get an interview with Curtis and Matheson.

You continually praise (and rightly so) the films of Mario Bava in your mini-review section. I wish you would do an extensive article on his career. It is too bad that Bava rarely gets a decent script. Can you imagine what he could have done with Ray Russell's SARDONICUS? DANIEL MASLOSKI, 24 Lannis Ave., Newburgh, N.Y. 12550.

—Not only Bava but a number of other European luminaries would be great for interview/articles. Right now CoF could use a good European correspondent—our last one went for an interview in Carfax Abbey and is still there. . . writing pulp fiction and paperbacks. On an irrelevant but highly nostalgic note: I wonder how it would've been interviewing the great D.W. Griffith? Someone should have done a bio-film about this great, colorful man long ago. Not too late to cast the great Griffith look-alike Fritz Weaver (a wonderful and underrated artist) for the role.—CTB.

THE PHILADELPHIA STORY

Dear Cal:

CoF is the best damn SFantasy book around! Among your best interviews so far have been on Harryhausen and Doug (SILENT RUNNING) Trumbull. The pro-and con reviews around SOYLENT GREEN is a great and unique method of writing on films. Don't drop but continue the comics reviews. And why not let your various readers give their own opinions on comics, especially if you don't have time to handle it all the time?

The Marvels have been holding on pretty well with Conan, the art switch on Kull (now with Mike Ploog) and Thorong (Vicente Alcazar), though some of their minor titles have been in a rut. With the exception of Batman and The Shadow, DC's really been in a slump.

Distribution in Philadelphia for CoF is lousy!! It may not be your fault, but I hope there's something you can do. Many fans in Germantown are going nutty trying to find it! JOE BAILEY, 253 E. Haines St., Philadelphia, Pa. 19144.

Dear Cal:

I thoroughly enjoy CoF. There is one big problem: I buy my copies from a back-issue store. They sell most magazines, but with covers torn in half—it ruins the mag's quality. You have a great back-issue dept., but why not include subscriptions, too. It would be preferable getting it via the mail in fine shape. You had subscriptions a long time ago, and I realize it would take a lot of extra effort running it again. But I'm certain it's better than what we run into discovering CoF in such mutilated condition in so-called back number shops. Your royal fan,
RICH WEAVER, 3830 Patrician Drive, Philadelphia, Pa. 19154.

—The above letters sort of answer each other. It's like that in a few other areas, unfortunately, but Philly and vicinity is a particularly sore spot. What we'd like to know is, why all these years has a certain mysterious Mr. X deprived readers a chance to find not only CoF and many other favorite mags, but has found it expedient to let them "stray" illegally into back-number

shops in mutilated condition? We've said this, in one way or another, many times in CoF. Perhaps that we've now a Paper Crisis, which will hurt or put out of business many mags, may change things. Perhaps some extremely tough Ecologist may have to make a serious legal issue out of it and yell out, "Let's put an end to this monstrous waste!" Perhaps it'll require a Martian invasion, or as the wonderful Jimmy Cagney would've stated it, "What you dirty rats need is a knuckle sandwich!" Yep, no doubt of it—this'll offer some deep insight why CoF had quite a few problems in the past, and why it used to be one of the hardest jobs publishing even twice a year. We hope it's now all in the past! Maybe. . . —CTB.

P.S.: CUSHING

Dear CTB.

I'm happy you're finally doing something on Peter Cushing. Why do so many other mags wait until a great man's demise before he is truly appreciated? Since 1956 Mr. Cushing has appeared in 63 films, yet has been hardly mentioned in any publication. There are at least two periodicals who have praised Chris Lee all the way to the hilt, yet continually overlook a man whose last 16 years have proved great artistry in everything he's done. Lee is, of course, a good performer, yet extremely over-rated; Vincent Price is a great actor but has turned to chewing his roles and the scenery. In Cushing we have a man who takes his craft seriously; no matter how poor the film, he tries to the best of his capabilities to bring it off. More about this fine star and his films must be written in CoF, with detailed coverage on such Cushing films as: ISLAND OF TERROR, I MONSTER, BRIDES OF DRACULA, and most of all, DR. TERROR'S HOUSE OF HORRORS and THE SKULL. Of course, I thoroughly enjoyed your coverage on TALES FROM THE CRYPT and VAULT OF HORROR, and agree with most of what was discussed, though you did appear overly critical.

I, too, am against the butchering and senseless censorship on TV. Among the many mutilated (some with Cushing) are: Frankenstein Must Be Destroyed, Dracula Has Risen from the Grave, Curse of the Werewolf, Brides of Dracula, Dracula Prince of Darkness, Trog, Five Million Miles to Earth, etc., etc. They appeared mostly on ch. 2 (CBS). Not too long ago, ch. 4 (NBC) cut Cushing's death scene in NIGHT CREATURES. Only ch. 7 (ABC) has spared such greats as Horror of Dracula, The Gorgon, Island of Terror, Curse of the Mummy's Tomb, The Fly and others. Why, even STAR TREK and THE PRISONER are cut up just to accommodate more commercials!
WARREN DISBROW Jr., 303 Highland Ave., Neptune, N.J. 07753.

—I understand thousands of letters from fans poured into CBS over the past year or so, chewing them off for their appalling cuts. True, CBS (and its outlets) seems to have been in the censorship lead, but numerous independent stations and NBC haven't been much better—especially independent channels that chronically show "digest" versions to accommodate endless re-runs of LUCY, BEWITCHED, THAT GIRL, etc. Much to all our amazement, though, DR. PHIBES actually did seem completely intact when CBS network-broadcast it recently. Film lovers seem to have had an impact at last! But the fight's hardly begun—and the only means we have of guaranteeing any further barbarous assaults against The Arts is to continue letting networks and the stations of our profound concern and displeasure.—CTB.

That, regretfully, just about terminates all our mutual ratiocinative proclivities for the nonce, fellow aficionados. And that's so far out that it's way "in." In short, where the hell were you in '73?

Those given to more metaphysical and intellectual stimulation please peruse Uncle Vincent Van Ghool's domain in the CoFANADICTS GALLERY. . . which follows immediately after station identification.

Make Love, not War, and. . . PEACE.

—Cal Beck—

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HORROR! FANTASY! ADVENTURE! SUPER

THE MASKED MARVEL

Here's unique memorabilia and nostalgia—film history data, beautifully reproduced rare photos, pressbook and lobby-card reproductions—all in handsome printed book form. Their contents would cost a small fortune if bought separately. (Since some of these items are already in short supply, it's wise not to wait. Forthcoming issues of CoF will not carry certain numbers or titles.)

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Complete chapter by chapter storyline details, photos and pressbook reproductions: **Buck Rogers**; **Captain Marvel**; **Mysterious Island**; **Jungle Raiders**; **Congo Bill**; **Batman & Robin**—and miscellaneous ads, etc.

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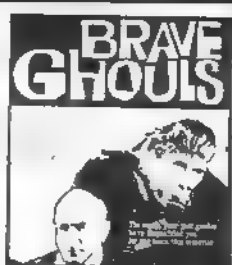
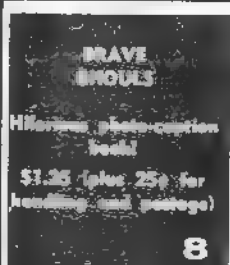
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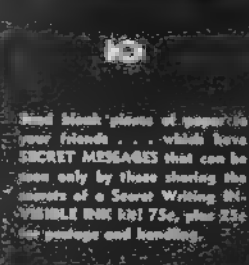
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Lon Chaney Sr. in:

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1923 — 6 full reels — \$60.50 (plus \$1.75 for postage and handling).

A collector's item. The earliest Chaney classic available in 8mm. Under the capable direction of Lambert Hillyer (who went on in 1936 to direct the memorable THE INVISIBLE RAY with Karloff and Lugosi and DRACULA'S DAUGHTER), it's an excellent vehicle for Chaney as he was reaching the mid-way peak of his cinematic fame.

Boris Karloff in:

THE BELLS

1926 — 7 full reels — \$68.50 (plus \$1.75 for postage and handling).

A great filmic trip for all macabre fans, especially for Karloff-philes, co-starring film greats like Lionel Barrymore and Gustav von Seyffertitz. Largely inspired and heavily influenced by CALIGARI. In this earliest of all Karloff features available to collectors, Boris, King of Horror, anticipates his famous roles of the future, stealing all scenes in the type of weird role that would establish his career. As the strange Mesmerist, who is first found in an odd traveling circus, Karloff appears in a succession of dark and macabre scenes that rank among the screen's best.

THE CAT AND THE CANARY

1927 — 7 full reels — \$65.95 (plus \$1.75 for postage and handling).

The original and definitive House of Horrors movie. Directed by Paul Leni, with Laura LaPlante as the girl in distress. Fabulous sets, mood and grand "spooky" atmosphere, with more things, shadows creeping about at night or behind secret panels and down dark corridors than ever shown on the screen before or since then. An orgy of haunts and thrills.



THE GOLEM

DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE

1920 — 6 full reels — \$59.00 (plus \$1.75 for postage and handling).

John Barrymore took the time between great Shakespearean stage roles to star in this horror film classic which immediately established him as a film star immortal. Rated as the most chilling version of Stevenson's famous horror novel, Barrymore's transformation sequences scale the heights of the macabre. A truly frightening horror film.



METROPOLIS

20,000 LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA

1917 — 8 full reels — \$74.50 (plus \$1.75 for postage and handling).

Long considered a "lost" SFantasy classic, it wowed audiences when finally rediscovered and shown at the N.Y. Film Festival a few years ago. Its expertise use of special effects, camera work and quality remain as examples of the most imaginative use of film making. The earliest SFantasy feature film spectacular ever created and the first feature version of Jules Verne's fabulous ImagiMovie.

THE LOST WORLD

1925 — 6 full reels — \$57.50 (plus \$1.75 for postage and handling).

Prehistoric monsters and dinosaurs galore in the famous Arthur Conan Doyle classic, made into an all-time super-film by Willis O'Brien, the creator of KING KONG and mentor of Ray Harryhausen. Now you can re-live the daring exploits of Prof. Challenger and his friends, from the moment they meet and plan the world's most astounding expedition, as the cameras and action move from London across the ocean, to the depths of uncharted regions of the Amazon to. . . The Lost World.

DESTINY

1921 — 6 full reels — \$59.50 (plus \$1.75 for postage and handling).

Created and directed by Fritz Lang, the immortal director of METROPOLIS, the MABUSE series, SIEGFRIED and many other screen gems. A Lang film hardly requires explanation or justification. He is simply one of the greatest masters of film making that ever lived, and he proves it in this enchanting three-part mystical fantasy (and an acknowledged classic) that not only inspired Hitchcock to become a director but shows its influence in the best works of Ingmar Bergman.

THE THIEF OF BAGDAD

1924 — 14 full reels — \$119.50 (plus \$1.75 for postage and handling).

A great spectacular (running time nearly 3 hours at normal silent speed) starring the legendary Douglas Fairbanks in his heroic hey-day, with Anna May Wong, Sojin and a cast of thousands. Said by film authorities to put to shame the 1940 Sabu version. An Arabian Nights dream of magnificent adventures, spectacles and wondrous special effects. The definitive Fairbanks adventure and greatest of all his films.

THE GOLEM

1920 — 7 full reels — \$65.50 (plus \$1.75 for postage and handling).

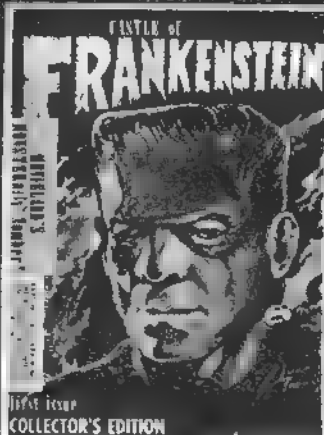
Now, from the Golden Age of German SFantasy-horror films, UFA's gothic masterpiece of Expressionism is being offered for the first time. Directed by and starring Paul Wegner, the Frankenstein-like Monster known as the Golem fights off friends and foes alike. He is the creation of Rabbi Loew whose knowledge of ancient sorcery and cabalism is responsible for bringing the Golem to life. Rated among the top SFantasy films of all time, this is the original and best of all versions ever made.

THE CABINET OF DR. CALIGARI

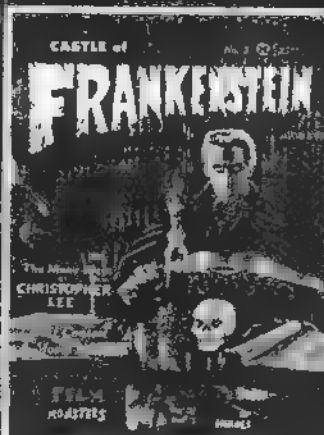
1918 — 5 full reels — \$50.75 (plus \$1.75 for postage and handling).

In the history of SFantasy-horror films, no other production has ever succeeded in recapturing the utter sense of terror and unreality conveyed by this expressionistic masterpiece. Camera work, lighting and the sets alone have been acclaimed as the most original and unusual ever seen on a screen. A soul-searing probe of mental depravity and intellectual perversity, it plumbs the darker regions of horror and goes far beyond. Starring Conrad Veidt.

BACK ISSUE DEPT.



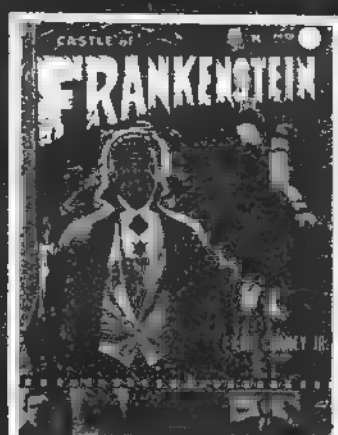
#1
—SPECIAL COLLECTOR'S EDITION—THE MUMMY THROUGH THE AGES; THE BORIS KARLOFF STORY; picture-stories on TIME MACHINE, WOMAN EATER, JACK THE RIPPER, SEVENTH SEAL, PIT AND THE PENDULUM, FRANKENSTEIN 1970, TINGLER, GIANT BEHEMOTH, MYSTERIANS, ALLIGATOR PEOPLE, DARBY O'GILL AND THE LITTLE PEOPLE, HOUND OF THE BASKERVILLES and HAVE ROCKET WILL TRAVEL; Portfolio of monster cartoons; TV JEEBIES; Japanese monsters; BRITISH HORRORS



#2
—VAMPIRE—a 6-page horror comic story written and illustrated by Larry Ivie; THE MANY FACES OF CHRISTOPHER LEE, picture-stories on remakes—the 1957 MUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME, the 1962 PHANTOM OF THE OPERA and the 1962 CABINET OF CALIGARI; American-International hits; EARLY YEARS OF FRANKENSTEIN, a screen history plus analysis, Larry Ivie on super-heroes—THE DAY MEN FLEW, Charles Collins on Lilith.



#3
—The first FORGOTTEN FRANKENSTEIN; conclusion of BORIS KARLOFF STORY; beginning of LON CHANEY JR. STORY, Larry Ivie on more super-heroes; picture-stories on WHAT EVER HAPPENED TO BABY JANE?, DAY OF THE TRIFFIDS, THE RAVEN, CAPTAIN SINBAD AND NIGHT CREATURES; Mary Shelley and the BIRTH OF FRANKENSTEIN, Charles Collins on Shirley Jackson and Ray Bradbury, Larry Byrd as FRANKENSTEIN; TWILIGHT ZONE, TEEN-AGE MONSTER MAKERS.



#4
SPECIAL VAMPIRE ISSUE. picture-stories on NOSFERATU; KISS OF THE VAMPIRE, BLACK SUNDAY and BLOOD OF THE VAMPIRE; Mike Parry on historical, literary and filmic vampires, Bram Stoker's autograph; foreign vampires in CONTINENTAL CREATURES; part 2 of LON CHANEY JR. STORY, OUR FEATHERED FIENDS—birds in horror films, LEGEND OF THE MUMMY; picture stories on FREAKS and THE HAUNTING, Charles Collins on Lovecraft; WONDERFUL WORLD OF GEORGE PAL; Al Hirschfeld caricature of DR. NO; FRANKENSTEIN RADIOGUIDE; first FRANKENSTEIN MOVIEGUIDE



#9—Exclusive question-and-answer style interview with Boris Karloff; picture-review of ABC-TV's BATMAN, with the Joker in full-color; lengthy biography (and film checklist) of Laird Cregar by Robert C. Roman, complete Roman biography of contemporary villain Victor Buono; picture-reviews of JUDEK and FANTOMAS (both 1917 and 1964); cartoons, first Capenaddicts column; coverage of Germany's horror film revival, TV Movieguide "E" and "F" listings, Barbara Steele; JACK THE RIPPER; BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN centerfold special, Mike Parry reports on The Fantastic European Screen Scene; BATMAN back cover



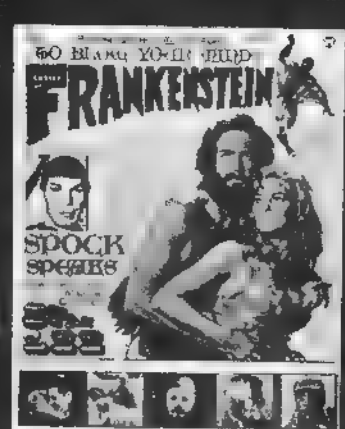
#10—Barry Brown reveals The True Facts Behind Bela Lugosi's Tragic Drug Addiction; first part of lengthy interview with Christopher Lee; the story of a real KING KONG; interview with Lon Chaney Jr., reviews of BATMAN, THESE ARE THE DAMNED and CURSE OF THE FLY; picture-story on, THE ADVENTURES OF RAT PHINK AND BOO; Frankenstein TV Movieguide "G" and "H" listings; book reviews; biography of Gaf book critic Lin Carter; Will Eisner's The Spirit; fanzine reviews by Mike McInerney; full color back cover by famed fantasy illustrator Hannes Bok.



SOLD OUT



#11—Hundreds of facts in The Star Trek Story; Nimoy on Spock; Star Trek Forever, An Endorsement by Cal Beck; Saucers Do Exist say William Shatner, Roy Thinnes and Stuart Whitman; CoF Interviews Christopher Lee (part two), CoF Returns to Hammer Studios, Donald Phelps enters THE HORROR CHAMBER OF DR. FAUSTUS and lives to tell about it; 1966 Necrology, listing deaths of fantasy film personalities, The Men Behind the Comics focuses on Marvel's mighty Jim Steranko, author-illustrator of Nick Fury; Cal Beck reviews THE BRIDES OF FU MANCHU; Frankenstein Movieguide lists films beginning with "I" and "J"; a look at Comicbook Fandom, Lin Carter sums up 1966. The Year in Horror-Fantasy Books; full details on Wally Wood's Witzend, full color back cover by Hannes Bok, suitable for framing, Frankenstein Mini-Reviews



#12—World of Comic Books; The, by now, famous LEE issues, namely Staa of Marvel; and Chris of Hammer, etc (in the 3rd & final part of the Interview). Frank Brunner's fab SMASH GORDON comic strip satire; the unusual CONJURER Fantasy comic strip thriller; a memorial and eulogy by CTB in FAREWELL BASIL RATHBONE; Nimoy tells it like it is in SPOCK SPEAKS; Macnee and Rigg in THE AVENGERS; the Movieguide "K" list; CTB on SFantaFilms and PLANET OF THE APES (preview), with exclusive Evans-APE makeup shots; first appearance of CoF's official The Comic Book Council, Dan Bates and Lin Carter look at Clarens' fab An Illustrated History of the Horror Film (and many other SFantaBooks); full-color back cover of Fax's FANTASTIC VOYAGE; letters, great photos & illus & the usual priceless lore.

DID YOU MISS ANY?



#5—Noted film historian William K. "Silents Please" Everson recalls his personal encounters with LORRE in **THE PETER LORRE STORY**—with checklist of all LORRE films; picture-story review of **EVIL OF FRANKENSTEIN**; leading Burroughs expert Dick Lupoff describes **MONSTERS OF EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS**—with illustrations by Frank Frazetta, Reed Crandall, Larry Ivie and Al Williamson; **OUTER LIMITS**; interview with Arthur Lubin, director of 1943 **PHANTOM OF THE OPERA**; first CoF **OLDIES BUT GOODIES**; fantastic films of **JEAN COCTEAU**; **OUT OF THIS WORLD** with **BORIS KARLOFF**; **ADDAMS FAMILY**; rare photo autographed by Karloff in 1914.



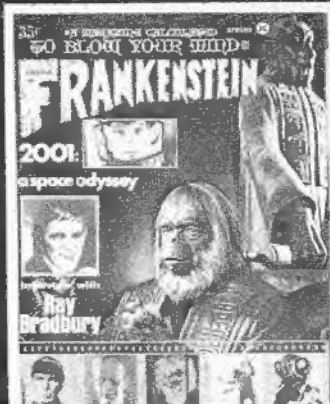
#6—The second **FORGOTTEN FRANKENSTEIN; FANTASY FEST**—report on 2nd Trieste Science Fiction Film Festival; **HORROR ON THE AIR**—nostalgic memories and rare photos of **The Shadow**, **Inner Sanctum** and other great radio fantasies; part 3 of **LON CHANEY JR. STORY**; questions and answers with Hitchcock at **A HITCHCOCKTAIL PARTY**; amateur **FRANKENSTEIN** film; Charles Collins on Robert E. Howard; **MUNSTERS**; four year's worth of **CHRIS LEE** films; **MASQUE OF RED DEATH**; **UNDERDOG** part 1 of **FRANKENSTEIN TV MOVIE-GUIDE** listing all horror on TV.



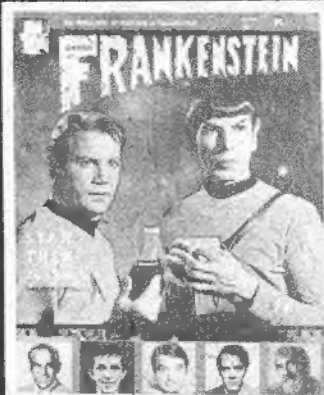
#7—Mike Parry pays a visit to the set of **DIE, MONSTER, DIE!**; interview with AIP director Daniel Haller; Joseph E. Levine's \$25,000 Monster; Robert C. Roman tells all about the **MONSTERS AT THE MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**; reviews of **TOMB OF LIGEIA**; conclusion of **LON CHANEY JR.** story; checklist of Chaney Jr.'s films; different versions of **SHE**; Parry's **EUROPEAN HORROR SCREEN**; TV Movieguide "B" listings; **LEE & LUGOSI**; **THE AVENGERS**; **THE RICHARD BURTON MONSTER**.



#8—Behind the Scenes with **FU MANCHU** and Christopher Lee; David McCallum—**The Man from M.O.N.S.T.E.R.**; William K. Everson recalls **The Last Days of Bela Lugosi**; Mike Parry interviews Hammer makeup artist Roy Ashton; filming **RASPUTIN** On the Sets at Hammer; Lin Carter sums up 1965: **The Year in Horror-Fantasy Books**; TV Movieguide "C" listings; **Fu Manchu** for Mayor poster; **BATMAN**—from 1943 serial to 1966 TV; **SON OF FRANKENSTEIN** centerfold special; two **Baron von BUNGLE** strips; **BATMAN** back cover.



No.13—Special All-Star Issue: "2001: A Space Odyssey" analysis/review; Interview with **RAY BRADBURY**; "Planet of The APES Returns" (exclusive secret facts, etc. revealed for the first time); **BASIL RATHBONE** Interviewed For Last Time; Jonathan **FRID** profile; coverage & Data on **ROSEMARY'S BABY**, **BARBARELLA**, etc.; "CARNAK": comix grafix in the inimitable CoF manner; "TV Or Not TV?" (that is a question?); **RAQUEL WELCH**.



No. 14

No.14:- **KARLOFF SPECIAL**: "Tribute to Karloff," "My Life As A Monster" by Karloff. **HORROR FILM HISTORY**, part One; **RAY BRADBURY** Interview, pt.2; **CARNAK** by Brunner, pt.2 (conclusion); **STAR TREK Debate**; **THE ILLUSTRATED MAN**; Books reviewed by **LIN CARTER**; **FRANKENSTEIN MUST BE DESTROYED**; photos from **WIZARD OF OZ**, **GWANGI**, etc.



No. 15

No.15:- **HISTORY OF HORROR FILMS** (Part 2); **MAR-OONED** reviewed; **KARLOFF & HIS LEGACY**; **THE OB-LONG BOX**, with Vincent Price, reviewed; review of **TASTE THE BLOOD OF DRACULA** with Chris Lee; **Mind Blowing Comix**: **LITTLE NEMO**—**SMASH GORDON**. **MEN BEHIND THE COMICS**: Frank Brunner; **BE-NEATH THE PLANET OF THE APES**: 2 different critiques; **THE WITCH'S BREW**: fact article on forgotten cures and medicine; **HEADITORIAL**; **BOOK REVIEWS**, ad infinitum.



No. 16

Part 1: **ROBERT BLOCH** interview.—**WHEN DINOSAURS RULED**, Harryhausen's latest.—**DORIAN GRAY**: past and present.—**THE VAMPIRE LOVERS**.—Part 3 & conclusion of **HISTORY OF HORROR FILMS**.—Rediscovered: Two "lost" classics: 1932's **DR. JEKYLL & MR. HYDE**, and **MYSTERY OF THE WAX MUSEUM**, by Wm.K. Everson. Horror comics: **Berni Wrightson's A CASE OF CONSCIENCE**.—CoF **MOVIEGUIDE**: more than 65 recent SFantasy films.—Plus: Letters, Headitorial, etc., etc., etc.



No. 17

ROBERT BLOCH interview (pt.2, conclusion)— RONDO HATTON: career article of an overlooked Horror Star. — The M SFantasy film listings (part 1).— FILMUSIC IN THE FANTASY FILM. —Review of an unusual "kitsch" but fine B shocker, THE MONSTER MAKER. — FRANKENSTEIN Capsule Reviews of more than 18 current films.— Plus: THX-1138 — CRY OF THE BANSHIEE — THE CRIMSON CULT — Senta Berger — SFantasy Film News in depth. — Comic, Graphics. In short, another smashing issue.



No. 18

—EXCLUSIVE CARRADINE Interview.— One of Boris KARLOFF'S last films: CAULDRON OF BLOOD.— Detailed synopsis and analysis of a great Horror Chiller: NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD.— An essay review of the works of H. P. LOVECRAFT, with scenes of films adapted from his stories: The Shuttered Room; The Haunted Palace; The Dunwich Horror.— Jodorowsky's surreal horror-fantasy, EL TOPO.— A look at TALES FROM THE CRYPT and what made it tick instead of tick.— and more than 28 other SFantasy Film reviews. PLUS: Artwork by Neal Adams, Steranko, Roy Krenkel, Ken Barr, etc.



No. 19

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No. 20

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